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# PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL.



1861

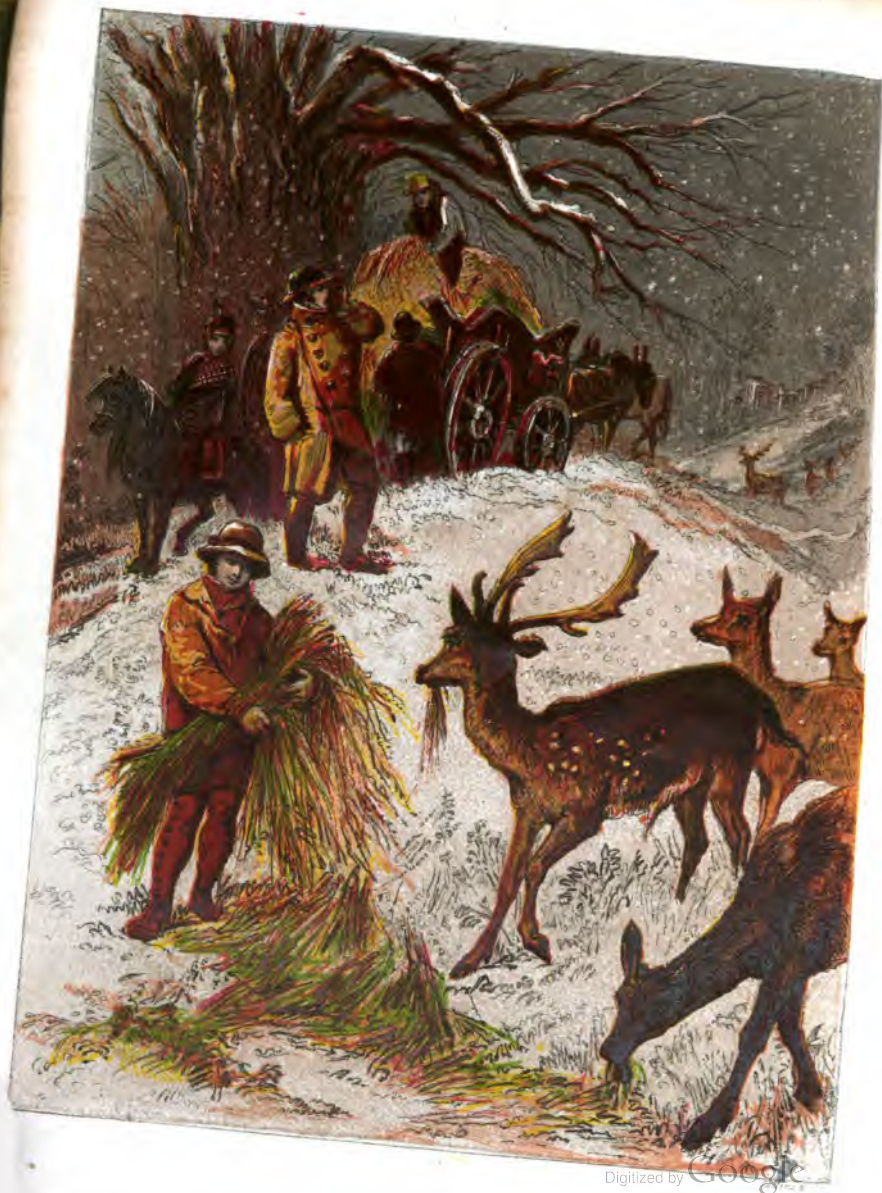
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# PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL.

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A  
CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR'S PRESENT,  
FOR  
Young People.

EDITED BY WILLIAM MARTIN, AUTHOR OF "PARLEY'S TALES ABOUT INDIA,"  
"THE ILLUSTRATED NATURAL PHILOSOPHER,"  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

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LONDON:  
DARTON AND CO., 58, HOLBORN HILL.  
MDCCCLXI.



# PREFACE.



**CHRISTMAS** has come again. Hurrah! Christmas has come again! Ring the merry bells of your hearts, my little ones, and let their clappers—your tongues—tell of joy and gladness, good cheer, good spirits, good fun, and good feelings.

Though the air be frosty without, and the snow and the sleet are falling, and the hoarse winds are blowing, and the flowers are all dead, and the trees are bare; yet within our



snug homes, whether it be in our palaces or our cottages, we may make a summer; for our hearts may be warm with hospitality, our eyes bright with cheerfulness, our words sweet as fragrant flowers, and our kind thoughts and actions bountiful and gracious as midsummer fruits or autumnal harvests.

So let it be, my young friends. So let us pass our Christmas holidays. So let us say farewell to the *old* year, and welcome in the *new*. Let our hearts ring out like merry Christmas bells, I say again. But how shall they ring? say you.

I will tell you how they shall ring with the sweetest melody. Let them ring *out* of our minds all evil passions, all sad thoughts, all foolish notions, all cruel, wicked, selfish ways. Let them ring *in* peace and gentleness, forgiveness and kindness, truth, self-sacrifice, and disinterestedness.

• These will, indeed, be merry peals; so ring away, my dear children. Raise, first, the joyful peal in thankfulness to Heaven; keep up the merry chime in good will towards

man; be mirth and merriment our "triple bob major;" and "love to fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and friends and acquaintance," our perpetual music; till the solemn knell gives token to the world that we are fled.

I am, my dear Children,

Your old and sincere Friend,

PETER PARLEY.

HOLLY LODGE,

*October 1, 1860.*



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# Peter Parley's Annual.

MCCCLXX.

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## Christmas Delights and Holiday Fun.

---

Now is the time for fun and frolic,  
For many a good romp and rollic ;  
Now bells do ring a merry chime,  
And roast beef is in its best prime.  
Plum puddings on the board now smoke,  
While round them we will laugh and joke ;  
Snapdragon shall our time beguile,  
And odd conundrums make us smile.  
In set quadrilles we'll bow and prance,  
And join in glee the merry dance ;  
And on the light fantastic toe,  
Trip nimbly round the misletoe.

**N**OW is the time. So come along, my youngers and youngklings, boys and girls, little and big ; nay more, come, fathers and mothers, and dear old grandfathers and grandmothers too. Come, and let the old be young again,

for there is no season like that of youth. That is indeed the cream of existence, so let us skim it well and take off the



best of it while it lasts ; for alas, it soon turns, and *we* should become sour and curdy but, for *Christmas*, who comes tumbling in like the clown in the pantomime once a year, and cries out :—" How are you, all ? I'm glad again to see you."

How shall we spend our " Christmas time ?" you ask. Well, I should not advise my young friends to be too free with the plum puddings, the mince pies, the cakes, the tarts, the blanchmanges, the jellies, the preserved fruits and ginger, the pineapples, or anything else of an eatable or drinkable nature, except the pure wine of the pump, which they may take *ad libitum*. But as for romping and sporting, and dancing and leaping, and playing all sorts of innocent games, I would

say "go ahead," and make yourselves as happy as cheerful hearts and grateful spirits ought to make you.



For my part, I do not see any harm in a dance. It is a pretty pastime for boys and girls. It gives them elegance of



movement, and teaches manners, politeness, and kind behaviour



I am sure it is good exercise, and if not carried too far helps "activity," and promotes health, cheerfulness, and comfort. I do not think anything is more delightful to look at, than a group of happy children dancing in the hall of an old mansion at Christmas time, among the evergreens and the wax lights.

There are a great many games for little girls; one of the most amusing is what is called "school-keeping." One acts



the part of a school-mistress, and seats herself upon a chair, while the others sit before her; but all must obey her. They read, say their lessons, bring their work to be fitted, are ordered to stand in the corner of the room for whispering and the like. Sometimes they vary their play in the following manner. The schoolmistress says, "Ah, Mary, you are a naughty girl, you tell tales out of school." The one addressed says, "Who told you so, madam?" If the school-mistress

say, "My thumb told me," Mary must answer, "She knows nothing at all about it." If she say, "My fore-finger told me," Mary replies, "Do not believe her." If she say, "My middle-finger told me," Mary says, "Let her prove it." If the fourth finger, the answer is, "She is an idle gossip." If the little finger, the whole school must exclaim, "Ah, that story-telling little finger." If any one make a mistake in these replies, the school-mistress orders some droll punishment, in which the real fun of the game consists.

#### THE COMICAL CONCERT.

This game, when well played, is extremely diverting, and



it is played by girls and boys all standing in a circle. Each one agrees to imitate some musical instrument. One pre-

tends to play upon the violin, by holding out her left hand and moving her right, as if she were drawing a bow across it. Another doubles up his two hands, and puts them to his mouth, in resemblance to a horn. Another moves her fingers upon a table, as if she were playing the piano. Another takes the back of a chair, and touches the rounds as if they were the strings of a harp. Another makes motions, as if beating a drum. Another holds a stick, after the manner of a guitar, and pretends to play upon it. Another appears to be turning a hurdy-gurdy, and imitates the sounds. In short, the players being sufficiently numerous, may imitate every instrument they ever heard.



This, however, is but half the game. Each musician, while playing, must make a sound with his or her mouth, in imitation of the instrument, and, if possible, make up a little verse or couplet on the instrument, as

Rubadub, rubadub, goes the drum.  
Bold volunteers, to muster come ;  
Rubadub, rubadub, rubadub.

At the same time the others play their instruments in concert, keeping to the tune set by the leader. In the midst of all this noise and fun, the leader suddenly stops, and looks abruptly first to one and then to another. The one he or she looks at must answer directly in a manner suited to the nature of her instrument : that is, the drummer must say he has lost his drum-stick ; the harper, that one of the strings of his harp is broken, and so on. If they hesitate a moment, or the answer is such as is not suitable to the instrument, or if they repeat an excuse which has been already made, they must pay a forfeit. While one is answering the others stop



playing, and all begin again as soon as she has said her say or paid her forfeit. Then the head of the orchestra looks at

some other one, and asks why he or she does not play better ; and so it goes on till all are weary of the game.

But one of the best games is called **ACTING CHARADES**, and I have already given a specimen of the way it should be played ; yet a few hints more may be necessary. Those who have to play this game should sketch a kind of story, and



work it out ; and the following hints will serve to found stories upon, or rather, perhaps, make subjects for scenes :—

1. Brigandism, robbers, &c.
2. Spectres, hobgoblins, &c.
3. Kings and Queens on their thrones.
4. Encounters with bears, lions, &c.
5. Pig-hunting, in which one plays pig.
6. Shoe-making, bricklaying, carpentering.

7. Needle-work, painting, &c.
8. Solemn funeral.
9. Washing, ironing, folding, &c.
10. Cooking, baking, pastry-making, &c.
11. Sailing on board a boat, rowing, &c.
12. Reaping, hay-making, gardening, &c.



This charade acting may be made highly amusing, and also instructive, and, if properly carried out, would be one of the most intellectual of games.

There is a very old game connected with the ancient Mumming, which might be very well revived in our Christmas fun. The practice of mumming is still continued at Christmas in many parts of England, when the characters, attired in grotesque dresses, enter the houses in the evening, sud-

denly throwing open the door, and one after the other enacting the different parts allotted to them, as follows :—

*Enter OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS, with a long beard, and dressed allegorically. Speaks :*

Oh, here I come, Old Father Christmas, welcome or welcome not ;

I hope Old Father Christmas will never be forgot.

Make room, make room, I say.

Walk in, Plum-pudding, and act thy part ;

Walk in, Roast-beef ; walk in, Mince-tart,

And show thy face, where-e'er thou art.

*Enter MINCE-PIE.*

I am the boy to make ~~you~~ all feel nice ;

Plenty of apples, currants, and all-spice.

Take me but by the hand, and know my heart,

And say if there is any useless part.

*Enter ROAST BEEF.*

Stay ! By your leave ! Give place, I say, to me !

I'm the Roast Beef of Old England. See,

I'm roasted well, and done completely brown,

Fit for the best man's dinner in the town.

Here you may cut at me with might and main ;

And those who cut, may cut and come again.

*Enter PLUM-PUDDING.*

What would you do, good Christmas folk, were I  
 Not present in your festive jollity?  
 For my round face will, like a sun, arise  
 Amid the custards, jellies, and mince-pies,  
 And bring true daylight into all your dishes,  
 And satisfy the sweetness of your wishes.  
 Give place to me! I am your rightful king!

## ROAST BEEF.

Give place to me! Let the church bells ring.  
 I am Lord Baron, I am brave Sir Loin,  
 With luscious lean, fat fat, and ribs of iron.

## CHRISTMAS.

Friends, ~~do not quarrel~~; don't kick up a riot.  
~~Peace, peace!~~ I say—be silent!—pray be quiet—  
 You're all good fellows, each in his own way;  
~~Then why~~ contend for precedence and sway!  
~~Shake hands~~; be friends, like very jolly fellows,  
 And sing with me, "Old rose, and burn the bellows."

*All join hands with* CHRISTMAS.

Now let ~~us~~ dance, like ~~happy~~ fellows,  
 And sing "Old rose, and burn the bellows."



For now is come our winter-feast,  
When all folk should be jolly,  
And give up learning to the priest,  
And laugh at melancholy.  
So let us dance and skip and prance  
Among the bay and holly ;  
And welcome all, both great and small,  
Unto our fun and folly.  
Hurray ! hurray ! for one and all ;  
Let no one now be snarly ;  
But give a cheer with right good will,  
For poor old Peter Parley !



## The Mistletoe Bough and its Reminiscences.

---

WHO does not love the Mistletoe? for it is a loveable plant. It appears in the midst of festivity and gladness, in the halls of merriment. It is the first plant of the season, and it occupies a place *per se*. It is hung generally in the centre of the hall, the drawing-room, or maybe the kitchen, for there are "loving hearts" in kitchens as well as in halls and palaces. Nature is always the same; kindly and affectionate feelings are not confined to the "upper ten thousand"—God forbid!

First, for the natural history of the mistletoe. Pliny says the Gauls held it in the highest veneration, and therefore it is an old plant, and very likely might have flourished over the heads of our first parents in the Garden of Eden. It grows on a variety of trees, on the lime-tree, the black poplar, the apple-tree, the oak, and some others. It is, however, rare on the oak, and perhaps it was on account of this rarity that it was held in more estimation than that found on other trees; or because the oak was the symbol tree of the Druids, from which they derived food (for the ancient Britons ate acorns as

our pigs do now), and also their timber, and their shelter in winter and shade in summer. The original cause of the veneration paid to this plant, however, cannot be penetrated at the "present date of writing." But it is certain that Virgil and Ovid both believed or wrote of its magical virtues. Not only the Druids and ancient Britons venerated the plant, but the Saxons also had an interest in it, as the following fable will show, which is taken, with some abbreviations, from the Saxon Edda.

#### STORY OF THE MISLETOE.

Friga, the Scandinavian Venus, having discovered through her skill in divination, that some evil threatened her son Balder, *i.e.*, Apollo, exacted a promise from Earth, Air, Fire and Water, and everything that sprang from them, not to injure him. Lohe, an evil spirit, finding at a tournament held soon after by the Scandinavian gods, who were very warlike deities, that none of the spears, lances, celts, or other missiles, ever touched Balder, but glanced away, as though afraid of approaching him, suspected that they were under the influence of some charm, and determined to discover, if possible, what it was. For this purpose he disguised himself as an old woman, and, introducing himself to Friga, contrived to insinuate himself into her confidence, when Friga told him that everything that grew on the earth, flew in the air, swam in the sea, or lived in the fire, had taken an oath not to hurt her son. Lohe pointed to the misletoe, which neither grew in

earth, or water, or air, or fire, and asked her if it was included in the charm. Friga owned that it was not, but added that so feeble and insignificant a plant was not likely to injure her son. Lohe no sooner left Friga than he formed, of the branches of the misletoe, a sharp arrow, with which he instructed Heber, the blind god of Fate, to kill Balder. All nature mourned at the loss of the god of the Sun; and Hela, the goddess of Death, moved by the universal grief, agreed to restore him if it could be proved that every living thing had shed tears. Then every creature wept: the flowers glistened with dewdrops, the trees let fall the rain of heaven from their branches. Lohe alone remained with dry eyes, till the Gods, enraged at his apathy, rushed upon him *en masse*, and chained him to the bottomless pit, where he soon shed tears enough to release Balder, but where he is still left, and occasionally, by his struggles to get free, causes *earthquakes*!

Hence, from this fable, it is easy to see that the custom connected with the misletoe is derived from our Saxon ancestors, who, on the restoration of Balder, dedicated their plant to Venus; and this accounts for the mysterious veneration, rites, and mysteries connected therewith by the ancient Druids. In the gathering of the plant at the commencement of the year we learn that these priests went in solemn procession into the forests, where they raised a grassy altar at the foot of the finest oak; they also inscribed on the branch of the tree the names of the most powerful among the deities. The chief priest, clad in white robes, of which the clergyman's surplice is the relic, then ascended the tree bearing a con-

secreated golden or brass pruning-hook, with which he cropped the misletoe, and dropped it into a pure white cloth held out beneath the tree by the other priests. If any part of the plant touched the ground it was considered to be an omen of some dire misfortune about to fall on the land. The ceremony was performed when the moon was six days old, and afterwards two white bulls were sacrificed.



During the feudal ages the misletoe was still an object of veneration. On the eve of Christmas Day the plant was laid on the high altar, and a pardon was proclaimed for all "meaner sins and backslidings." It was not, however, often

seen in churches, but in the feudal halls it was hung up with loud shouts and rejoicings.

On Christmas Eve the bells were rung ;  
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung.  
That only night in all the year,  
Saw the " stole " priest the chalice rear.  
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen,  
The hall was dressed with holly green.  
Forth to the woods did merry men go,  
To gather in the misletoe.

The misletoe is what is called a *Parasite*, that is, it is a plant that derives its support from some other plant, and not from the earth, and has thus been considered a type of the Christian who derives his support by feeding on Christ, the tree of immortal life. Perhaps in this it is a better symbol than any that the Druids or Pagans could show. It was originally thought to have miraculous powers of healing, and was called the " all-heal " plant, and it was carried in the hands of the priests and laid upon the altar as an emblem of the saving grace of the Messiah. Gay, noticing the evergreens used in decking churches at Christmas, says,—

When rosemary and bays, the poet's crown,  
Are bawled in frequent cries throughout the town,—  
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,  
Christmas, the joyous period of the year.  
Now with bright holly all the temples show,  
With laurel green and sacred misletoe.

## New Year's Gifts.

### HOME GIFTS AND HEART GIFTS.

---

Now boys, see New Year's Day is come, therefore to every friend  
Your goodly gifts or presents bring ; or, if you cannot, send.  
These gifts the son should give his sire, or daughter to her Ma ;  
Or aunts and uncles far away, however far they are ;  
All, all should give a right good wish if they can give no more ;  
For such is a good custom of the merry days of yore.  
So children all, bring goodly gifts to those you love so well,  
That in the days that are to come your love they best may tell.

**N**OTHING is so pleasant, my young friends, as to contemplate little acts of kindness ; they are the gleams of sunshine in our gloomy life-day, the little prismatic drops of beauty to our very heartless and ugly doings. To open the year with good wishes, with goodly gifts, with pleasant greetings, is one of the very best ways of opening it, and I often wish we went back oftener than we do to the customs of our forefathers, in these, as well as in some other matters of our daily doings.

The ancients, ay! the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, all had a custom of greeting each other, with blessings or with gifts, on the day of the new year. The usual presents made were dates and figs covered with gold leaf: they were sent by clients to their patrons, by servants to their masters, from children to their parents, and *vice versâ*. An Amphora, or ancient Roman jar, has been described by that indefatigable antiquary of Grundisburg, Dr. Acton, on which was an inscription denoting that it was a new year's gift from the potters to their patroness. He also describes a piece of pottery with the inscription, "A happy new year to you;" another where a person wishes it to himself and son, and three medallions with the laurel leaf, fig, and date, and an inscription wishing a happy new year to the Emperor, as I do to the Emperor of the French, and, though last, not least, to our own good Queen, who is the *best gift* that England as a nation ever had bestowed on her.

Queen Elizabeth was one of our best queens, but she cannot hold a candle by the side of our Queen Victoria. It is said that on her death she had nearly ten thousand different pieces of wearing apparel. Dr. Drake thinks that this immense wardrobe was in great part formed from new years' gifts presented to her by her nobility. Besides these, the Queen had multitudes of jewels given to her, and cups and bracelets, and Bibles; and it is said that the Queen's physician presented her majesty with a pot of orange flowers. Her apothecaries gave her a box of sugar candy, and a box of green ginger. Ambrose Lupo gave her a box of lute-strings; Jerome Bas-



sano gave her a cup of agate ; and Smythe, *the dustman*, gave Her Majesty two ells of very fine cambric, of course for dusters.

The French are a sentimental people, and although they are flighty they have very noble and generous feelings. They are fond of opening the new year with little acts of love ; and it is delightful to see the French children, on New Year's Day, presenting gifts to their parents ;—many of those gifts are very beautiful and very valuable. They often consist of splen-



did "boxes," and also of valuable articles of use. Then there is always a profusion of sweetmeats and flowers, in the latter of which fathers and mothers are almost in danger of being smothered, as well as with kisses.

It is a well-known fact, that the French court, in the time of

Charles X., in the year 1824, was, on the birth of that year, famous for the gifts of the different members of the Royal family. It was stated, for the six months preceding January 1824, the female branches of the Royal family were busily occupied in preparing presents of their own manufacture, which would fill, at least, two common-sized wagons. The Duchesse de Berry painted an entire room of japanned panels to be set up in the palace, and the Duchess of Orleans prepared an elegant screen. An English gentleman, who was admitted suddenly into the presence of the Duchesse de Berry two months before, found her and three of her maids of honour lying on the carpet painting the legs of a set of chairs, which were intended for the King.

To descend from royalty to the humbler classes of society : an amiable old bishop—for a bishop may be amiable—says :—“ If I send a New Year’s gift to my friend, it shall be a token of my friendship ; if to my benefactor, it shall be a token of my gratitude ; if to my wife or children, it shall be a token of my love ; if to the poor, which at this season should never be forgotten, it shall be a token of my good wishes and Christian solicitude for them ; and I shall remember that God sends good gifts to us every day, however unworthy we may be, and often in return for our base ingratitude to Him.” The above amiable sentiments may represent the motives of kindness which induce the custom. The *form* in which a present is given is a trifle, the kindly feeling that it is meant to convey is the real kernel, the other is but the shell.

A copy of verses was often sent as a New Year’s gift.

Buchanan presented a copy of verses to the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots on New Year's Day. An old manuscript in the British Museum states that the boys of Eton School used on this day to, play for New Year's gifts before and after supper, and to make verses, which they presented to the provost and masters, and to each other. Here is one of them :—

Good boys, come give me a lift,  
As now I make a New Year's Gift.  
Here's good wishes unto all,  
Fat or lean, or great or small.  
Good days, both present and to come,  
To those abroad, to those at home,  
And certain be my golden rule,  
To give good gifts to those at school.  
To friends and neighbours, fathers, mothers,  
Aunts and uncles, sisters, brothers,  
Good gifts of joy and peace and pleasure,  
And Godliness, the greatest treasure.  
May every day be bright and sunny,  
And life's ingredients sweet as honey,  
To every one that puts his feet on,  
The homely threshold of old Eton.

If my friends should not like this doggrel, they may receive advice from a rare old poet, and a good one. It is from an old poem cited in "Poole's English Parnassus," and in these lines :—

The King of Light, Father of ancient time,  
Hath brought about that day that is the prime ;

To the slow gliding months when every eye  
Wears symptoms of a sober jollity,  
And every hand is ready to present  
Some service as a real compliment.  
Whilst some in golden letters write their love,  
Some speak affection by a ring or glove,  
Or pins or points (for e'en the peasant may  
After his ruder fashion be as gay  
As the brisk courtly Sir), and thinks that he  
Cannot, without gross absurdity,  
Be this day frugal, and not spare his friend  
Some gift to show his love finds not an end  
With the deceased year.

As to the properest gifts to be bestowed, it is quite impossible for me not to recommend the present Volume, as containing something good for young or old.



# Sports and Games of England in the Olden Time.

NO. 1.

JOUSTS AND TOURNAMENTS.

OLD ENGLISH SPORTS, GAMES, AND AMUSEMENTS.



HERE is not a boy in England who has read any of the romances, such as the "Seven Champions of England," "Valentine and Orson," and the like, who does not feel interested in that period of our history when the "clang of arms" was heard not more on the battle-field than in the tilt-yard. What boy would give a dump for the Lord Mayor's Show without the "men in armour?"

A tournament was, in ancient days, a right glorious thing to see. Nothing could surpass its splendour, its rich array of noble company, its brave knights, fiery steeds, and fair ladies. The latter formed the very life of the days of chivalry, as they do of these dull days of Knickerbocker volunteering ; but without any further "flourish of trumpets and drums" let us begin.

You must first know then, my young friends, that tournaments and jousts, or justs, though often confounded, differed considerably. The tournament was a conflict between many knights, divided into parties and engaged at the same time. The just or joust was a separate trial of skill, when one man was opposed to another. The joust was frequently included in the tournament, but not always. In the days called Romantic, both these diversions were held in the highest esteem, being sanctioned by the countenance of the court and nobility, and prohibited to all below the rank of an esquire.

In early times, it was customary in England for a monarch or nobleman to entertain many knights at his table, and to make jousts form a part of the daily routine. King Arthur's round table was, according to tradition, the board at which a fraternity of valiant knights sat together in friendly communion, after their jousts ; and in order to set aside all distinction as to rank or family, seated themselves at a round table, where every place was equally honourable. Roger de Mortimer, a nobleman, in the reign of Edward I., established

a round table at Kenilworth for the encouragement of military pastimes, where one hundred knights and as many ladies were entertained at his expense. The fame of this institution attracted a great many foreigners to come to England, where they would see such noble feats of arms and such good company.

About seventy "years" afterwards, Edward III. erected a splendid table of the same kind at Windsor, but upon a more extensive scale: it contained the area of a circle two hundred feet in diameter, and the weekly expense for the maintenance of this table when it was first established amounted to one hundred pounds, which was afterwards reduced to twenty pounds, on account of the large sums of money required for the prosecution of the war with France. This receptacle for military men gave continual occasion for the exercise of arms, and afforded to the young nobility an opportunity of learning by way of pastime all the requisites of a soldier, as we do now by the Volunteer movement.

In the joust, the combatants generally used spears without iron heads, and the excellence of the performance consisted in striking the opponent on the front of the helmet, so as to beat him backwards from his horse or break his spear. Froissart mentions a trick used by Reynard de Roy at a tilting match between him and John de Holland. He fastened his helmet so slightly on his head that it gave way, and was beaten off by every stroke that was made upon the visor by the lance of his opponent, and of course the shock he re-

ceived was not so great as it would have been, had he made the helmet fast to the other parts of the armour. This artifice was objected to by the English, but John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, who was present, permitted Roy to use his pleasure, though he at the same time declared, that for his part he should prefer a contrary practice, and have his helmet fastened as securely as possible.

The tournaments were conducted with great form and ceremony. The two barons, whose knights were to form the opposing parties at the tournament, were to appear at their pavilions at either end of the barrier two days before the commencement of the ceremony, when each of them had to cause his arms to be attached to the pavilion, and to set up his banner; and all those who wished to be admitted as combatants on either side were in like manner to set up their arms and banners in the stations allotted to them. Upon the evening of the same day they were enjoined to show themselves at their stations, and to expose their helmets to view at the windows of the pavilion. On the following day the champions were to be at their parade by ten o'clock in the morning, to await the commands of the governor or baron, and on this occasion the prizes of honour were determined. On the morning of the day appointed for the tournament, the arms, banners, and helmets of all the combatants were exposed at their stations, when certain persons were appointed to examine them, and approve or reject them at their pleasure. The examination being finished, and the arms returned to their owners, the baron who was the challenger then caused his



banner to be unfurled and to be nailed to his pavilion, and any knight who was not at his station at the moment was not permitted to join in the approaching encounter. The kings at arms and the heralds then went from pavilion to pavilion, crying aloud, "To achievement! knights and squires, to achievement!" When the two barons had taken their places in the lists or barrier, the champions or combatants of both parties arranged themselves every one by the side of his banner. In this position they remained until the signal for the encounter was given.

I shall not attempt to describe the extraordinary fun of the tournament, as it would be far too circumstantial for this fast age. The knights charged at each other; some were knocked over, and lay in a ridiculous and piteous plight; for like capsized turtles none, encased in their thick plated armour, could regain their legs, much less their "nags," without assistance. Many a knight got an ugly thump, some an ugly thrust; now and then an eye was poked out; but the flags and the trumpets, the drums and clarions, and above all, the smiles of the fair ladies, and perhaps the gracious nod of royalty itself, sufficiently rewarded the "rough tumbles" and unlucky "pokes" given and received.

It was very frequently indeed that these jousts were "got up" in honour of the ladies, who often presided as judges paramount over all the sports; they were not bad judges of the doings of men at any time, and in jousting their will and pleasure was law, and their judgment decisive. Hence in the spirit of romance arose the necessity for every true knight

to have a favourite fair one, who was not only esteemed by him as a paragon of perfection, beauty, and virtue, but supplied the place of a tutelar saint, to whom he paid his vows, and addressed himself in the hour of peril, for it seems to have been an established doctrine that love made valour perfect, and incited heroes to undertake great enterprises.

There was a kind of jousting called the cane game, which is said to have had its origin in the following circumstance. Richard Cœur de Lion, being at Messina, in Sicily, on his way to the Holy Land, went with his cavalcade on the Sunday afternoon to see the popular sports exhibited without the walls of the city, and on their return they met in the streets a rustic driving an ass laden with hollow canes. The king and his attendants took each of them a cane, and began, by way of frolic, to tilt or joust with them one against the other; and it so happened that the king's opponent was William de Barres, a knight of high rank in the household of the French king. In the encounter they broke their canes, and the monarch's hood was torn by the stroke he received, which made him angry, when, riding with great force against the knight, he caused his horse to stumble with him; and while the king was attempting to cast the knight to the ground his own saddle turned round, and he himself was overthrown. He was soon provided with another horse, stronger than the former, which he mounted and again assailed De Barres, endeavouring by violence to throw him from his horse; but he could not, because the knight clung to the horse's neck. All this incensed the monarch so much, that at the termination of the

conflict he vowed enmity against De Barres, and was with difficulty appeased by the good offices of a trusty knight, Sir John Philappart, who hence bore the name of the peacemaker. From this singular conflict arose the singular custom of jousting with canes.

In the case of a tournament where the combatants contended for a rich prize, such as a sword, a casket, a suit of armour, a palfrey, or the like, the combatants, after the termination of the conflict, met in the evening at some place appointed for the purpose, where they were joined by the ladies and others of the nobility who had been spectators of the sports, and the time was passed in singing, dancing, feasting, and merry making. After this the heralds were called together, and were required to give the names of those combatants who had most signalized themselves. The double list of names (one for each party) was then presented to the ladies who had been present at the pastime, and the decision was referred to them respecting the awardment of the prizes.

The arbiters next selected one name from each party, and as a peculiar mark of their esteem the favourite champions received the rewards of their merit from the hands of the young ladies of quality. If a knight conducted himself with any impropriety at a tournament, or transgressed the ordinances of the sport, he was excluded from the lists, with the addition of a sound beating, which was liberally bestowed on him by the other knights with their truncheons, and to punish his temerity, and to teach him to respect the honour of the ladies and the rights of chivalry.

Such exciting scenes as tournaments afforded had a great effect upon the humbler classes of the community, who endeavoured to emulate in some rude manner the jousts and tournaments of their superiors. They had their sandbag fights, their cudgelling, their water tournaments. In these the rowers in two boats brought the combatants within poking distance of each other, and the fun consisted in the opponents pushing each other into the river.

The children of the nobility, as also of the *mobility*, had their mimic jousts—wooden horses, mimic armour, flags, clarions, and the like. They had their fair ladies too—little creatures between five and six. The contest was to upset the wooden warriors, in the same way as children of a larger growth were wont to do with warriors of real flesh and blood. Sometimes children of the lower classes would make a mock tournament, in these making their own legs supply the place of horses, and dubbing a stout stick with all the honours of the lance.

One branch or division of the tournament bore the name of the Quintain, after the name of the inventor. The principle of this exercise consisted in running or riding swiftly up to a stationary object, and striking at it with a lance or some other weapon at the moment of passing it—the blow being given with especial attention to the attainment of some particular object. The original object was to habituate youthful knights to the steady and accurate use of the lance during a combat, or while on horseback. The Quintain, or object at which to strike, was originally nothing more than a trunk of a tree or

post. Afterwards these were replaced by an imitation of a human head and body carved in wood, and turning upon a pivot. The figure held a shield on its left arm, and brandished a wooden sabre on its right. In running at this figure it was necessary for the lanceman to direct his lance with great adroitness, and strike upon the forehead between the eyes, or upon the nose—for if he struck wide of these parts, especially upon the shield, the Quintain turned round with much velocity, and in case the knight was not exceedingly careful, would give him a severe blow on the back with the wooden sabre held in the right hand. This was considered a highly disgraceful stroke, and excited the laughter and ridicule of the spectators. In point of importance a blow between the eyes was reckoned best, on the nose second best, and under the nose third in excellence. To do this of course some *vous* was necessary.

This exercise was not confined to horsemen, but was also conducted on foot. A post Quintain, or firmly-fixed pillar, was the object of attack. The doughty champion assailed this post, armed with sword and shield, aiming his blows at the supposed head, face, arms, and legs of his antagonist, taking care at the same time to keep himself so completely covered by his shield as not to give any advantage, supposing he had a real enemy to cope with.

Another variety of this sport was the Water Quintain, usually practised by the young Londoners upon the water, during the Easter holidays. A pole or mast was fixed in the middle of the Thames, with a shield firmly attached to it. A

boat, which was placed at some distance, was driven swiftly towards it by the combined force of tide and oars, and a young man, who stood at the prow, struck against the shield with a lance, as the boat passed onwards. If he were dexterous enough to break his lance against the shield, and to retain his place, the intended object was answered ; but if he failed in so doing, he was almost sure to be soused into the water, and the boat went on without him. Two other boats were, however, always at hand to pick him up and save him from being drowned.

Another quintain, used as a juvenile sport, was a tub full of water balanced on a post, and the trial consisted in striking this with a lance or pole in such a manner as that when the tub was upset the water should not drench the lanceman.

Sometimes a man, representing a living quintain, was seated upon a stool with three legs, without any support behind, and the business of the tilter was to overthrow him ; while, on his part, he was to turn the stroke of the pole or lance on one side with his shield, which, if adroitly done, generally placed the tilter "hors de combat."

Such was a few of the doings of the olden times. In another chapter I shall say something more, equally curious and interesting.

## Snap-Dragons.

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All hot ! all hot ! all fiery ;  
Blue and yellow, green and red,  
Blazing, flaming, smoking, burning,  
In their shining pewter bed !

Merry faces all around them,  
Eager fingers here and there ;  
Pecking, picking, snatching, plucking,  
In the bright and lurid glare.

Now young " Jack " has burnt his fingers,  
And he sucks them in their pain ;  
Tom and Harry, Jane and Mary,  
Burn theirs too, but come again.

Joy unto the fun and frolic,  
So may years still pass along,  
And we be, as we grow older,  
Cheered by all the youthful throng.

**S**NAP-DRAGONS is a merry sport ; it is full of fun, full of anxiety, full of mishaps, full of hopes, full of fears. A dish of sweets, but difficult to get at without burning your







fingers ; thus a game of Snap-dragons is like the game of life.

Life is a kind of scramble, my young friends. The good things that pertain to it are not to be had without a little effort, some trouble, nor without a little dash and daring ; still don't be afraid, make a push boldly, but don't snatch too greedily, or you may burn your fingers.

I remember seeing, when I was a boy, a great many persons collected before the door of a hotel where lots of flags were waving, for it was electioneering time. The mob were cheering and huzzaying a knot of persons who were throwing out halfpence from the windows, and boys were picking them up with great avidity. Presently came another shower of halfpence, then another, and immediately that the last fell among the mob there was such dancing, roaring, screaming, jumping, and groaning, as to be truly pitiable as well as ludicrous—the last batch of halfpence had been made nearly red hot ; they were snap-dragons in another form, and hundreds “burnt their fingers.”

Now there are many of the “good things,” as they are called, of this life, that we seem very eager to scramble for, and very eager to snatch at ; but let us beware, like the fire in the hot halfpence they very frequently are only troubles in disguise. In grasping them we often burn our fingers, and sometimes wofully.

Before we set out in the walk of life, therefore, let us make up our mind to be “circumspect.” Snap-dragons are very nice sweetmeats, but I don't think they are worth burning

the fingers for, except for the fun of the thing, and so it may be said of most of our "follies and vices" too. They are not worth the burning of the fingers for.

Still we will enjoy the old game while we can, and the more now, since it teaches us a lesson. So snatch away at the flaming plums as you move round the silver or pewter dish—snatch away—leap and jump with joy or with pain, as the case may be—burn your fingers if you can't help it—but in the midst of the burning be cheerful and happy; rather lose your plum than your temper, both in the game of "Snap-dragons" and in the busy game of life, which is the one you will have to enter upon ere long.

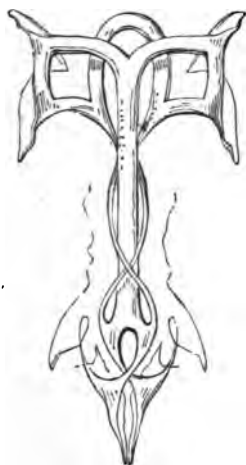


# Curious and Funny Things

ABOUT FAIRIES AND FITCHES, SPRITES AND SPIRITS, ELVES  
AND TROLLS, PUCKS AND NECKS, WITH OTHER ODD FISH,  
IN EARTH, AIR, SEA, OR SKY.

NO. I.

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HE right use of Reason is, my young friends, a right good thing, but, alas! the world is in its infancy, or at least it is not much farther grown towards reasonable manhood than a biggish boy of about five or six years old, who seems a little too high for his corduroys, and too advanced for pinafores and bibs, yet this great boy is nearly six thousand years old instead of six, and during the whole of this period he seems to have learnt a wonderful little. He knows his letters, and can spell a few words, and can combine pothooks and hangers, and he

can beat a drum, and play a bugle, and draw a sword, and work a popgun, and do a great deal of very silly mischief, but he has not yet learned to be a good boy, and is sadly rebellious against his Father, and very frequently kicks the shins of his schoolmaster Wisdom, although Experience frequently raps his knuckles. Bless the boy, I say; he will know better bye-and-bye. I sincerely hope so, at least, for he has much to learn and a great deal more to unlearn, before he will be good for anything and pleasing in his Father's sight.

I shall endeavour to show my young readers what a silly boy man has been in his early days; how ridiculously stupid, and how fearful and timid; besides, he was so easily imposed upon and so easily imposed upon himself, that it is no wonder if he was not stunted in his mental and moral growth. The only wonder is, that he seems now likely to have done with his rattle-traps and playthings, his "balls," and "guns," and "drums." Let us hope he may, ere long, advance to a respectable hobbdehoyhood, and not make quite such a "donkey" of himself as he has hitherto done.

But to my story. I am going to tell you of some of the curious and funny things with which our wise forefathers and foremothers used to amuse and abuse themselves. "Our mothers' maids," says old Reginald Scott, "have so freezed us with spirits, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, fauns, kits, centaurs, giants, dwarfs, imps, nymphs, changelings, incubii, firedrakes, hobgoblins, and ghosts, that we have not yet got out of their bounds, and they haunt, perplex, and





worry us, in spite of our boasted reason, which has no chance with them.

It was a very common practice in former times, nor is it by any means defunct at the present day, for mothers and nurses to induce children to be good and obedient by operating upon their fears, for in children, *from their natural helplessness, fear* is the strongest passion. Parents worked on this by the terrors of discipline, and presented the rod as the argument in favour of implicit obedience. But nurses and the good women went another way to work. They were not allowed to chastise children, and therefore they operated upon the fears of the little ones by other objects of a no less terrific kind. There was either some frightful old man as Old Bogy, or decrepit old woman as Mother Bunch, to whom children would be given if they did not cease their crying, say their prayers, and go to sleep.

About bed-time in particular, when it is well known children are refractory, stories were told of spirits, ghosts, hobgoblins, and other terrible things, by means of which, although the little ones would not go to bed without being accompanied by their nurses, they went quietly with them. The system continued for many years in this country, but it was found to be inconsistent with right reason, and to be productive of bad consequences. Even grown people have asserted that they have never so far recovered the effects of this erroneous discipline as to be able to go into dark rooms or to sleep without a light.

This was all wrong; but the nursery was crowded with





what are called nursery tales—many of these are too good and pretty to be forgotten—the greater portion, however, are so stupid, or foolish, or ridiculous, as to be worse than a waste of time for children to read them. Still they are interesting for many reasons, and it will not be doing the rising generation any bad service for me to give a few illustrations, first of nursery, and afterwards of popular tales and romances of ancient date.

“Jack the Giant-Killer” and the renowned “Tom Thumb” (not the General) landed in England from the same keels and war-ships which conveyed Hengest and Horsa, and Ebba the Saxon, to our shores. One of the oldest of these Saxon or Danish stories is the following :—

At Avillare, not far distant from the town named Lyng, was a hill called Brondhoë, and used to be inhabited by the *Trold-folk*—a set of imaginary beings, somewhat between men and fiends, but more akin to the latter. Amongst these Trolde was an old sickly fiend, peevish and ill-tempered, who had married a young wife. This unhappy Troll often set the rest by the ears, whence they nick-named him Knurly Murre, or Rumble Grumble. Now this old Rumble Grumble, on one occasion, picked a quarrel with a youngster, one of the *Trold-folk*, who, to avoid Rumble Grumble’s vengeance, was forced to fly for his life from the cairn and take refuge, in the shape of a tortoiseshell tom cat, in the house of Goodman Platt, who harboured him with much hospitality, let him be on the great wicker chair, and fed him twice a day with bread and milk, out of a red earthenware pipkin. One evening the

Goodman came home, "the tortoiseshell cat" was eating his supper out of his red earthenware pipkin, when presently a mouse, which had hidden itself in the fold of the Goodman's buskins, stepped out of the same and run about the room. Tortoiseshell Tom in a moment espied him, and made a spring, but the mouse was too nimble for the cat, and made a spring also into a clock-case, running from the weights up to the head of the clock, where it quietly ensconced itself. Tortoiseshell was now seized with a most determined determination to devour mousey. He tried in vain to climb up the clock cords, or up the sides or front of the clock, so at last sat himself down to watch. Tick, tick, tick, went the clock. Tommy tortoiseshell knew that the clock must strike before long, and looked very wistfully in the clock's face. At last the hour of twelve arrived—the clock gave a warning; in a few seconds twang one, two, three, up to twelve, with a whirr afterwards, and down came mousey dreadfully alarmed, and so paralysed with fear, that tortoiseshell gobbled him up in a minute, and in the next was transformed again into his own proper shape. Rumble Grumble was in the youngster as the youngster was in the cat, and so the wonderful history ends.

This is a tale stupid enough; but there have been children who have believed it, and also in Tom Thumb, Jack Hicck-thrift, Beauty and the Beast, Jack and the Bean Stalk, and the like; but with these fooleries I have nothing more to do. I shall pass to the superstitions, which have done us so much harm. Superstition is not the creature of reason but of imagination, and the more imaginative and less matter of fact

a nation happens to be, the more superstition, bigotry, and intolerance—the three great curses of the human race—in every age and nation.

The imagination gives rise to ghosts, to demons, to sprites, hobgoblins, elves, and to fairies, which are, perhaps, the most poetical and potent. Many theories respecting the origin of these fanciful beings have been founded on their names; and it seems that superstition has endowed them in all places with similar attributes, and ascribed to them similar doings. The fairies of the sunny east, and the elves of the frigid north, differ only in such degree as will be readily accounted for by the difference of climate, the manners of the people, and the progressive approach of that light of influence before which these relics of heathenism must ere long wholly disappear.

Among other northern nations the Swedes, whether high or low, are all apparently addicted to a belief in fairies, ghosts, and spirits; and with the lower classes it is a matter almost of national faith. The *trolls* are little wood and mountain spirits, little beings that milk the cows and lame the horses; but if anything of iron is cast over them their power to work mischief ceases. Among the spirits that have most to do with the human race are the *Cobbolds*, and these, like the *Cobbolds* of our parts, are the good, amiable, and kind beings who help people in their difficulties. They are said to swarm on the lofty trees that surround houses, and to pour their benedictions upon the sick, the lame, the helpless, and infirm; and that they are spirits who ride about on the breath of the air, doing good to all they can.

The Swedes have also innumerable tales of dwarfs, elves, and the like. Elf signifies a river sprite, and hence every great river is called Elf—for instance, Gota-elf. The circles seen in the morning green is attributed to their dancing revels, with them or with us :—

O'er the dewy green,  
By the glowworm's light,  
Dance the elves at night,  
Unheard, unseen.  
Yet where their midnight pranks have been,  
The circled turf will tell to-morrow.

Sometimes, however, the unlucky wanderer is unlucky enough to enter into their charmed circle, and then they instantly become visible to him and play him a thousand tricks ; but always more in fun than malice, for they are not really mischievous. Their voice, too, is said to be as gentle as the murmuring of the air. Shakespeare makes his delicate Ariel sing :—

“ Where the bee sucks there lurk I ;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;  
There I crouch when owls do cry.”

The fable of the spirit called Sprömkari is no less beautiful, though belonging to another element. According to the old belief, he sits in the blue depths on a crystal throne, with precious gems, rich pearls, and beautiful shells all about him. Here he plays constantly on his harp, and when any

children by chance have seen him in his lonely waters, they have always received from him the gift of harmony, as was the case with the grand-daughter of the historian Neibhur, whose song was enchanting. Sprömkari lives in eternal harmony; he plays by lakes and streams, also to the dancing elves, and to those spirits who favour him by making running streams or winding lakes, or foaming cascades, the scene of their wanderings.



# King Arthur.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE, DEATH, BURIAL, AND  
RESUSCITATION.

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HO was King Arthur, he of the "round table," in whose reign the renowned Jack the Giant Killer lived and flourished, and the celebrated Tom Thumb, who fell into the "Bowl of Furmety," went through his surprising adventures? There are a great many ridiculous legends about King Arthur. Waving all these, and going back to our early British annals, we ascertain that our hero—for he was a hero in the true sense of the word—was the son of Uter Pendragon, King of the Britons, who died by poison ten years after the coming of Cedric, King of the West Saxons. His mother was Ingernia, widow of Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall, whose affection, devoted as it was to the memory of her late consort, Uter succeeded in gaining, by putting on the appearance and manners of its first object. Arthur was born at Tintagell, a castle of Cornwall, and began to rule

the Britons at fifteen years of age, and was crowned by St. Dubrisius at Coerleon, in Monmouthshire, where the ceremony was performed in a general assembly of the prelates and nobility in the year 516.

Arthur's accession was much disrelished by the King of the Scots and Picts, who had married two of his aunts, and one of whom, Lotho, charged Arthur with not being the true heir to the crown, and endeavoured, by force of arms, to wrest it from him. Arthur, however, nobly bestirred himself. He called together his followers, invoked by a religious ceremony the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and advancing rapidly upon the Saxons, who had taken possession of some places in the north, drove them into the city of York, besieging them in that town; but Colgerm, their leader, making his escape, got over into Belgium, where he interested Chedric, a prince of his own country, in his favour, and this prince being very powerful, he brought over against Arthur a fleet of seven hundred vessels. He landed in the north, and advanced rapidly to the city of Lincoln. To this place Arthur and his brave Britons now directed their march; they attacked them in their stronghold before the city, and after a hard fight drove them into a wood. In this encounter Arthur was taken prisoner, but in the night time, during a temporary confusion in the Saxon camp, arising from the sudden outbreak of a fire, three British youths penetrated into the midst of the Saxons, found out the spot where their king was confined—being bound with cords to a great tree in the centre of the forest—loosed him from his bonds, put a sword in his



hand, and the noble youths fought their way out of the Saxon camp and delivered their monarch, who dealt death around him on every side in the efforts he made for his escape.

After this Arthur fought twelve battles in succession with the Saxons, each of which terminated in a victory. The deeds of himself and followers have been the subject of numerous poems and legends, and even fictions. Arthur seems, however, to have been a truly religious and good prince, and it was this goodness that proved fatal to him. He was not the first good man that suffered from his goodness, nor will he be the last.

Arthur conceived now that he had nothing further to dread from the Saxons, so he went into France, and forgiving the unkindness and persecution he had suffered from Lotho, his uncle, King of the Picts, entrusted his son, Mordred, with the care of his kingdom. The base Mordred, however, usurped the kingdom for himself, and violently took Arthur's wife, whom he shut up in a strong castle. King Arthur, burning with rage, instantly returned to Britain, where Mordred stoutly opposed his landing at Richborough, near Sandwich, in Kent, and fought a furious battle with him, in which Augusellas and Walwan, two of Arthur's kinsmen, "noted thunderbolts of war," as called by Leland, fell fighting for the king. Arthur, however, by his matchless bravery soon renewed the fight, and put the traitor Mordred to flight.

The fugitive first fled to Winchester, but was so closely pursued by Arthur, as to be unable to make any stand there.

He then ran to Cornwall, and Arthur at last overtook him at Cambian, a place where the town of Camelford now stands. Mordred having drawn up his army in battle array resolved to "fight it out." He, therefore, with a courage that ought not to have belonged to so bad a cause, plunged into the midst of the hostile ranks. The combat raged the whole of the day, and after horrible bloodshed on both sides, was put an end to by Arthur himself, who, rushing among the troops surrounding Mordred's person, and cutting a passage through them, slew him on the spot and dispersed his enemies, but not without falling himself, pierced with "death wounds." He was conveyed from the field of triumph to the abbey of Glastonbury, and there died of his wounds on the 21st of May, in the year 542, and was there buried in a grave sixteen feet deep.

In the reign of Richard I., the then Abbot of Glastonbury, Henry de Soilly, ordered men to dig between two pyramids in the "Holy Church Yard," where, according to an ancient Welsh ballad, was the spot where King Arthur was buried; and at seven feet deep they found a huge broad stone, whereon that side that lay downwards was found a thin piece of lead about a foot long, of the form of a cross, and on that side of the plate, *towards the stone*, was engraven, in rude and barbarous characters—

Hic jacet sepultus inclytus Rex Arturius in Insula Avalonia.

Digging nine feet deeper his body was found in a trunk of a tree, and near the bones of Arthur were found the bones of

Ginever, his wife, who was privately buried near him some time after his death. The king's bones were of a large size, so that when his shinbone was laid beside that of a very tall man it reached three fingers above his knee. In his scull were perceived ten wounds, one of which was very large, and looked upon as the cause of his death. The queen's body seemed to be perfect and whole, and her hair was found to be neatly plaited, and of a golden colour; but her corpse being exposed to the air soon turned to dust.

The abbot caused both bodies to be deposited in a stately mausoleum, "nobly graven on the outside," in which they placed the king's body by itself, at the head of the tomb, and the queen's at the feet, being the east side of it. And here they remained until the year 1278, when Edward I. and Queen Eleanor visited Glastonbury, attended by many of the clergy and nobility. The king's tomb was then opened by the priests, and King Edward himself opened the shrine where King Arthur's bones were laid, and Queen Eleanor those where the queen's reposed. The bones were taken out by the king and queen and laid on the altar of the abbey for a whole day, and a solemn service was performed by the church over the same; and early the next morning, being the Wednesday before Easter, the king and queen, with great honour and respect, wrapped up all the bones, except the two sculls, which were set up to reverence in the treasury, in rich shrouds or mantles, and placed them again in their respective shrines, with an inscription in that of Arthur's; and then the king and queen, fixing their royal signets to each chest, caused the

chests to be placed in the old tomb, where they remained undisturbed till the dissolution of the abbey in King Henry the Eighth's days, when the shrines were utterly overthrown and despoiled.

Such is the "veritable" history of the noble prince, King Arthur, so far as ancient accounts can be depended upon. It is well for young people to know something authentic about this king, so as not to be led astray by fable and romance; and hence I have written it.



## The Natural History and Management of Pets of all kinds.

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HERE are very few young persons who are not fond of *Pets*. I have heard of an American youth who had a pet oyster, which used to follow him about like a dog; but this I do not believe. The famous Baron Trenck, who was shut up in a dungeon for eight-and-twenty years, had several pet rats; and, if you recollect, the celebrated Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, had a pet spider who taught him a lesson of perseverance and the way to win a kingdom. We all have our hobbies, it is said; and it may, with the same truth, be said that we all have our pets, of some kind or other, either real or ideal. Petting, however, is a dangerous game to play at. Petted children, petted wives, and petted husbands, are all

more or less spoiled. Old ladies' cats or lap-dogs are the most disagreeable of animals, and petted children are a nuisance; therefore, if we are to have pets, we ought to know how to manage them; they are of various kinds, and require various kinds of treatment, and may be said to extend to *birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles, and worms*—which makes a pretty large hole in creation, you will say.

I shall begin with the “birds,” for they are, after all, the most beautiful objects in nature. They are the angels of the lower world, and the power which they possess of flying gives them an immense advantage over all other animals. Oh, how they do rejoice among the woods, and the trees, or upon the bosom of some frothy wave. Heavenly, indeed, is the life of a bird.



The rearing and management of pet birds is a real pleasure and a pretty amusement; and when the feelings of love and

kindness prompt the heart towards the beings we take under our protection, the keeping of pets is an amiable occupation. Birds are such lovely creatures, their plumage and the melody of their notes are so attractive, that they captivate us.

One of the commonest of bird pets is the linnet, which, although not of a very brilliant plumage, has many attractions. His song is very pleasing; it is flute-like in its cadences, and the flexibility of its throat enables it to imitate the strains of other birds. If a young linnet be brought up with a chaffinch, a lark, or a nightingale, it will learn to sing like them; but, in such case, it generally loses its native song. According to an old writer, this bird may be taught to speak several words distinctly, but this art cannot be taught to full-grown birds. Mr. Jesse had a young linnet whose cage hung by the side of that of a parrot, and the linnet repeated distinctly several of the parrot's words. In Germany, the art of making linnets talk is common. The bird destined to receive this teaching is separated from the rest, and never allowed to hear any other strains but those it is intended he should imitate. At this early period it is fed with soaked bread, eggs boiled hard, and rape-seed which has been steeped in water for some time.

Different plans are adopted for teaching particular tones to young linnets. Sometimes when the bird does not show much disposition to profit by instruction, he is taken on the finger and held before a mirror, the tune being whistled in a distinct manner all the time. Seeing before him what he imagines to be another bird of his own species, the linnet

then begins to tune up, and not having learned any of his native song by companionship with his fellows, he makes his first attempt to imitate that which his master is whistling to him. Weavers and shoemakers often bring up many of these birds, which fetch high prices. It is very pleasing and surprising to hear a young linnet that is well taught by a nightingale. I had one once, whose imitations were very perfect, and it used to sing the whole year round.

The common linnet, in its wild state, is very generally distributed throughout Europe. In our island they are very common. In the summer they frequent open heaths and commons, and breed in furze and other bushes. In autumn they associate in large flocks. In the wild state the male bird during the spring puts on a gayer plumage; but those birds reared in cages continue like the females, of a greyish tint, and those which are red when brought into the house lose all their beautiful colours in their first moulting.

The treatment of linnets after they become cage birds is very simple. Square cages are more suitable to them than round ones. If it is wished to give them liberty in a room, a small tree or roosting-place should be set up in one corner, and on this the birds will remain perched, singing cheerfully all day long, only leaving their perches to eat and drink.

The best food for linnets is summer rape-seed; winter rape-seed soon kills them. When young linnets are being trained to their song they may be fed with the egg-food already mentioned, or with oatmeal and rape-seed bruised in milk or water. They are given about as much as their bills



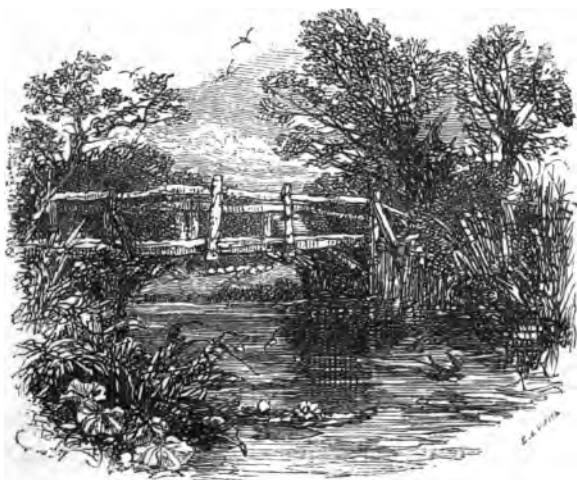
will contain at a time, and are to be kept very clean and warm. They soon become familiar if fed by the hand and chirped to. When they can feed alone the summer rape-seed is given to them entire, but still moistened with water, so that they may break it the more easily. Their food is now varied by the addition of millet, radish, cabbage, lettuce, and plantain seeds. The more the food is varied the fewer diseases; but care must be taken not to over-feed them.

Linnets are very fond of bathing, and of dusting their feathers with sand; they should therefore have a small bath of fresh water daily attached to the cage, and should also be supplied with a bed of fine sand renewed from time to time. A small piece of plaster or chalk should be also put into their cages for them to peck at. This is the substance of which their bones are made; it also has a good effect on the acrid juices of their stomachs, which often produce epilepsy, to which they are liable.

Linnetts are very subject to asthma, especially if they are kept in confined apartments, or in rooms heated by a stove. Dry and heating food is also frequently the cause of it; hemp seed is particularly so, and should be used sparingly, and a moist and refreshing regimen occasionally resorted to. A favourite linnet and goldfinch were attacked with a very bad asthma, but were relieved and preserved for several years by the following method:—

The first thing was to leave off hemp seed entirely, confining them solely to rape seed, but giving them at the same time abundance of bread soaked in pure water, and then

pressed ; lettuce, endive, or water cresses were given them as they came in season ; then, twice a week, boiled bread and milk. The way to prepare this is to throw a piece of the crumb of white bread, about the size of a nut, into a cup of pure milk, boiling it, and stirring it all the time till it is of the consistency of pap. It must be quite cold before given to the birds, and always be quite fresh, for, if sour, it soon kills them. This paste, if given in moderation, has a very excellent effect on the constitution of the birds, by purging and cooling their bodies, and at the same time, by being highly nutritious, soon restores their health. Thus, with common caution, linnets may be kept in the house for ten or twelve years, and in some cases for a far longer period.



## The Nightingale.

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Sweet bird, that singest to the moon,  
Or to the good man in it,  
Or to his dog, a good and proper tune  
At nightfall every minute ;  
I like to hear thee when the air is still,  
And in thy song of love would take my fill,  
Beneath our apple trees,  
Though while I listen I might cough and sneeze.



THE nightingale has been famous from time immemorial for the sweetness, variety, and length of its song. The ancients called it Philomela, or lover of darkness, and we read of it in the Odyssey. Hesiod and Appian notice the variety of its song. Sophocles refers to its sorrowful notes, and Virgil and Ovid often mention it. So that it is one of the most classical

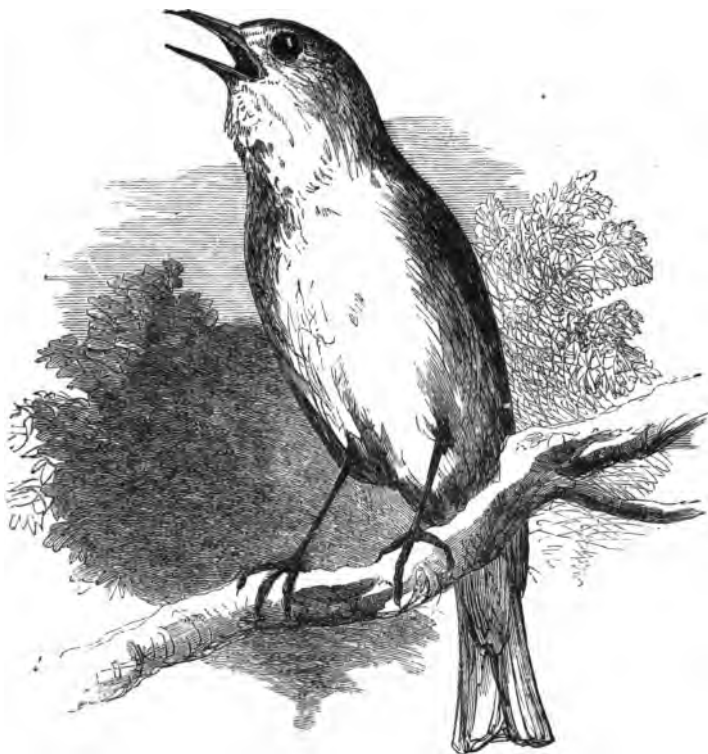
of birds, and might well trill as it does in the sweet groves of Hanwell College.

The nightingale inhabits from Italy and Spain in the south, to Sweden in the north. It leaves the temperate parts of Europe as the winter approaches, and retires into warm regions, such as Egypt and Africa, Persia and Asia Minor; and, in passing from one country to another, they never pour forth their enchanting melody, which seems entirely reserved for their nesting season, and when they are rearing their young.

The nightingale is a timid and solitary bird. It appears in England about the latter end of April or the beginning of May. It soon begins to form its nest, which is placed near the ground, in brushwood, at the foot of a hedge or the low branches of some thick shrub. It is a very fragile structure, formed with coarse grass and a few oak leaves, and lined with cow-hair. It lays four or five eggs of a greenish brown, and the young ones are hatched in about a fortnight, and leave the nest long before they can fly, and follow their parent about by jumping from branch to branch, which they do with great agility.

The full-grown nightingale is a handsome bird in shape, but very homely as to plumage. The male differs very little from the female bird. The latter end of April is the usual period of the commencement of the nightingale's song. It is suspended when the young are hatched, but should the nest be destroyed, or the hen bird lay again, the male resumes her song. This song is not confined to the night, but it is heard

through the greater part of the day. Some, in addition, sing through the whole night. On dark and windy nights it does not sing.



The nightingale attaches itself to the place which gave him birth, and returns to it every year until it has lost its charm

or advantage by the felling of trees, as it has in our district by the ruthless levelling of "Ye Pheasant and Partridge archy," who would like nightingales turned into geese, that they might devour them.

Many attempts have been made to decipher the notes of the nightingale. It can sustain its song uninterruptedly, without any breathing rest, for twenty seconds. What peculiarly distinguishes this bird's singing is, that it never repeats itself like other birds; it varies at each burden or passage, and even if it ever resumes the same, it is always with new accents and aided embellishments.

To rear the nightingale as a call bird is a difficult task. Taken even at his full growth, if properly managed, he becomes reconciled to confinement, and begins to sing in a week or ten days. He may be allowed to fly about the room, but if caged, this should never be less than a foot and a half in length, by about one in width, and over one in height; the top should be lined with some soft material, that the bird, when first caught, may not injure his head by flying against it.

The food of the nightingale, when in a state of nature, consists of insects, whether in the grub or perfect state; towards the end of summer it also devours elderberries and currants. In the tame state feeding should be very sparing. When the birds are first caught meal worms and fresh ants are their best food. If these cannot be procured a mixture of hard egg or ox heart minced, and white bread, is given, but this artificial food is very injurious, and often kills the birds.

The means of always having a plentiful supply of meal worms, is to fill an earthenware or brown stone jug with wheat, barley, bran, or oatmeal, and put into it some pieces of sugar paper or old shoe leather. Into each of these jars, of about two quarts and a half in size, half a pint of meal worms is thrown, and by leaving them quiet for about three months, covered with a bit of woollen cloth soaked in beer or water, they will change into beetles; these soon lay their eggs, and increase the maggots so much, that one such jar will be sufficient to keep a nightingale.

For providing "ants' eggs:" To get them out of the ant hill, a fine sunny day should be chosen, and being provided with a shovel we begin by gently moving a nest of the large wood ants, till we arrive at the eggs; these are then to be taken away and placed in the sun in the middle of a cloth, whose corners are turned up over little branches well covered with leaves. The ants, in order to protect the eggs from the heat of the sun, quickly remove them under the shelter which is prepared for them. In this manner they are easily preserved free from dirt and from the ants also.

Ants' eggs form the best summer food for the nightingale, and two or three meal worms prove a sufficient addition. A stock of dried ants' eggs may be kept and mixed with roasted ox heart and raw carrot, both finely grated. A paste that will keep for years is a good food. It is two pounds of rolled beef, a pound of grey peas, a pound of sweet almonds, an ounce and a half of saffron, and twelve fresh eggs. The meat is cut

very small, the almonds finely pounded, and the whole mixed with the eggs and an infusion of saffron. Round cakes are formed and baked in a slack oven.

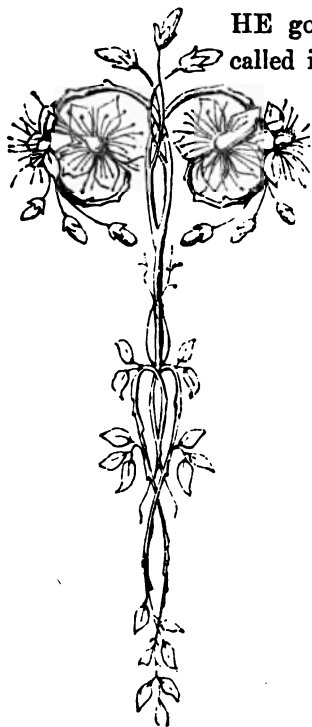
The love of liberty is so strong in this bird, that it is far from my wish to encourage the keeping of it in confinement. The beautiful music it affords us by day or night ought to satisfy us ; and how much sweeter ought its free strains to be enjoyed by us when we reflect that the bird is a child of liberty and not a prisoner in a cage.





# The Goldfinch.

(FRINGILLA CARDUELIS.)



HE goldfinch, or King Harry, as it is called in Suffolk and other parts of the country, is a very handsome bird. Buffon says:—"Beauty of plumage, softness of voice, quickness of instinct, remarkable cleverness, docility, and affection, are all united in this delightful little bird. Its song is sweet and melodious, but not so rich and varied as that of some other members of the same family. It is carried on with little intermission throughout the year, being only discontinued during the moulting season."

This bird is not so easily taught to imitate the song of others as the linnet or canary, but it is remarkably docile, and, with attention on the part of the teacher, it may be made to

repeat tunes from the flageolet, or to acquire the notes of its companions. Various tricks are also sometimes taught to goldfinches. They have been taught to draw up their food or water by means of a chain and pulley. Whenever the little waterman wants either, he draws up the chain with his beak,



fixing it at intervals with his foot, and thus succeeds in obtaining what he wishes ; but if his little buckets are suspended to a pulley, raising one makes the other descend, and thus he enjoys his food and water by *turns*.

The goldfinch is very generally distributed in this country wherever the supply of its favourite food is to be met with, and it frequents our gardens, orchards, and copses. In

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autumn goldfinches assemble in parties, and visit those districts where thistles most abound. There they labour with the utmost assiduity, greedily devouring the seeds of the crops, and rendering the greatest service to the farmer. The chief food of these birds consists of the seeds of plants that are injurious to cornfields and pastures, and therefore they should ever meet with favour and protection.

The nest of the goldfinch is very neat and pretty; it is generally situated on a flexible branch, and frequently placed among the foliage of evergreens, or on the tops of the weak branches of orchard trees. The song of the male bird is in the greatest perfection in the month of May, and continues with little intermission from sunrise to sunset. The materials the goldfinch uses in building her nest seem to be those nearest to hand, and the most suitable for the purpose. Fine moss, lichens, stalks of grass, and slender twigs, are nicely interwoven to form the framework; and this is lined with wool, horsehair, willow, down, and similar materials.

An instance of sagacity is given in the case of a pair of goldfinches, which had built their nest on a branch too slender to afford proper support for their brood. When the young birds were hatched, the parents perceived that the weight of the growing family was too great for the branch. In this emergency, and to save the nest from falling, they were observed to interlace the bending twig with a stronger branch that was near it, and to secure their work by a piece of small string which they had picked up.

The majority of goldfinches kept in cages have been reared from the nest, or put into a cage when just fledged, and fed by the parents. A square cage is recommended for these birds, instead of a round one. If allowed to fly about in an empty room, or in a room among cages of birds, a small artificial tree should be placed in the room for a perch and resting-place. The goldfinch does not appear to be so happy in a cage as a linnet or canary, as it flutters against the wires, and betrays great impatience at confinement. In order to cure it of this fluttering, (poor thing!) it is often enclosed in a trap cage. But the best way is to give this dear little bird the range of an aviary.

The goldfinch is a hearty feeder. In the wild state it feeds on various kinds of small seeds, such as those of the thistle, dandelion, lettuce, goat's-beard, radish, and groundsel. In the house it is fed with poppy, canary, hemp-seed, and rape-seed. Green food must be given occasionally, such as chick-weed, watercresses, lettuce, or endive. When kept in a room with other birds, the goldfinch endeavours to keep possession of the seed-box.

The goldfinch generally produces but one brood in the year, although occasionally it has been known to produce three. The eggs are of a bluish white, spotted with red, and having black streaks, with sometimes a circle on the larger end. The young birds may be reared on poppy-seeds and the crumb of white bread soaked in milk or water. If it is wished to take only the male birds from the nest, all those that have a whitish ring round the root of the beak must be left.

The goldfinch has many enemies. The situation of its nest often makes it the prey of cats, and the beauty and value of the birds lead birds-nesting boys to make a search for it. There is a great demand for the goldfinch as a cage bird, and a fine male often sells for five or six shillings.

Goldfinches, like all other creatures, have their diseases, and, of course, are subject to a greater number in their tame than in their wild state. One of the most common of these complaints is epilepsy; for this the sick birds should be plunged now and then into cold water, letting them fall suddenly into it, and cutting their claws so as to draw blood, as bleeding gives relief. There is no doubt that epilepsy is brought on by too much food, and want of exercise. In bleeding, the greatest care should be taken not to lame the bird. A very small hole is made on the surface of the claw with a lancet or very sharp penknife; it is then plunged into lukewarm water, and, if the operation be well performed, the blood runs like a thread of red silk. When removed from the water the bleeding stops, and no bandage or dressing is required.

The goldfinch is fond of bathing, and should be supplied with the means of doing so daily during the spring and summer months. In the middle of winter it should do the same; but it is only on very warm days that the practice should be allowed at that season, as it may take cold and die from using the water on frosty days. As age increases these birds become blind and lose their colour, but they often live from sixteen to twenty years.

Gesner, the celebrated naturalist, had a goldfinch that lived to the age of twenty-three years, but at last grew so infirm that its owner was obliged to scrape its claws and beak, that it might take food, and support itself on its perch. It had lived on poppy-seed, and had lost its power of flying. The plumage, instead of changing to a darker hue, had become entirely white.

But, after all, it is not the trained and tutored goldfinch that the lover of nature looks on with pleasure; it is the happy, sportive, beautiful being, whose golden plumage glitters in the sunbeam, and whose light and elegant form may be seen—

Now in orchards gaily sporting,  
Now to flowery fields resorting,  
Chasing now the thistle's down  
By the gentle zephyr blown.



## The Bullfinch.

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HE Bullfinch is a great pet among many persons, who admire him more than the goldfinch. He is a bold little fellow, full of activity and daring, and withal very useful to us in a natural state. He does not care much about the society of man, only coming near his abode at particular seasons, but likes the thickest shades of the grove or forest; and in Germany, where he is an especial pet, he roams over very wide districts of treestuff. It has been said that the bullfinch does us a great deal of harm; by eating the young

buds of trees. They may, and do probably, eat a few buds in frosty weather, but when they can get insects they care not for your buds, and of these they will devour large quantities; but still, the gardeners have a great dislike to him,

as if he was really a man of talent, or a man of wealth or of worth.

The bullfinch chooses the place for his nest very cunningly. It is generally in some retired spot, in a thick hedge, or in the close boughs of some stumpy tree, often on the flat branch of the pine or ~~silver fir~~. The nest is composed of small branches, interlaced on ~~the outside~~, and lined with vegetable fibre or moss—seldom ~~or ever with~~ feathers or wool. It is usually begun in May, and in it ~~are~~ deposited from four to six eggs, bluish white with brown or red spots, and these are hatched in about fifteen days. ~~When~~ the female bird is on her nest the male sits frequently for hours together on some branch in the vicinity, uttering a low plaintive note, or a more continued song, not very remarkable for its beauty. While singing he puffs out his plumage and makes strange contortions with his head; but no sooner does he find himself observed ~~than~~ he shrinks to his ordinary size, alarms his mate, and with her flies to a distant tree. The birds are very much attached to each other, and to their young.

The lateness of ~~the season~~ at which the young birds are hatched is not without a providence in it, as they are fed on grain; were they hatched earlier in the season grain would not be procurable. The plumage of the young male bird is enlivened by the red tinge on the breast. As to the full plumage of the bird, it is too well known to need any description. But an entirely white variety has been known. Another variety is jet black, and some again are varied black, with some red and white.



The most remarkable feature of the bullfinch is the power he possesses, when caged, to acquire distinct tunes; from this



circumstance he has been an object of much attention in Germany. His education is there carried on systematically.

In the month of June the young ones, which are sought for in the nests of the wild birds, are taken when about ten days' old, and brought up by a person whose care and attention to their wants render them completely docile. At the end of two months they begin to whistle; but their education commences earlier: the tune they are to learn is played to them repeatedly on a little instrument called a bird organ, the notes of which nearly resemble those of a bullfinch. It has been found that the birds learn more quickly, and learn the tune much better, if it is played to them at the same time that they receive their food, or immediately afterwards. It is essential that the birds should hear no other musical sounds than those it is intended they should imitate. Bishop Stanley says: "No school can be more diligently attended by its master, and no scholars more effectively trained to their calling than a seminary of bullfinches. As a general rule, they are formed into classes of about six in each, and kept in a dark room, where food and music are administered to them at the same time. As soon as they begin to imitate a few notes the light is by degrees admitted into their room, which still further exhilarates their spirits, and inclines them to sing. When they have been under this course of instruction for some time they are committed singly to the care of boys, whose sole business it is to go on with their education. Each boy plays his organ with scarcely an intermission from morning till night; while the class teacher goes his rounds, superintending the progress of his feathered pupils, and scolding or rewarding them in a manner which they perfectly understand."

The tune once learned, the birds retain it ever afterwards ; in acquiring it at first, different degrees of capacity are shown. It has been remarked that the more readily a bird acquires his lesson the more readily he forgets it ; but when once a bird of comparative dulness has succeeded in acquiring his task he seldom forgets it even while moulting.

The attachment formed by bullfinches to those who have the care of them is an additional charm in these interesting birds, and it so happens that they always express their sense of pleasure by singing the tune they have been taught, as well as by many endearing ways. Many who have escaped from their aviary, and have lived at their liberty in the woods for a whole year, have recollected the voice of the person who reared them, and have returned to their homes. Others have been so attached to their masters as to die of grief when separated from them. They are, too, of a most affectionate nature, and their sagacity is illustrated by the following story, given under the authority of a Bishop :—" My poor bullfinch was remarkably tame and familiar. I was accustomed to open his cage at breakfast time, and, if from any cause I failed to do so, he made me understand by his actions that he considered himself badly used. When set at liberty he flew to the table and picked up the crumbs that chanced to be lying upon it, or received a piece of loaf sugar, of which he was very fond, from my hand. One day he observed himself reflected in the looking-glass, and it was amusing to see how he behaved himself ; he erected his plumage, and hissed defiance at his own image, and ever after, when allowed to leave his cage he

sought the looking-glass, and often he hopped behind it to see if his enemy was there, and was evidently puzzled, and at a loss to account for the deception."

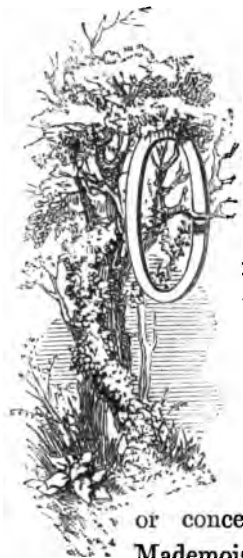
There is a story which was told by Sir William Parsons, who was himself a great musician, and who, when a young man, possessed a piping bullfinch, which he had taught to sing "God save the King." On his once going abroad, he consigned the bird to the care of his sister, with a strict injunction to take the greatest care of it. On his return one of his first visits was to her, when she told him that the poor little bird had been long declining in health, and was ~~at that moment~~ very ill. Sir William, full of sorrow, went into the room where the cage was, and opening the door put in his hand, and spoke to the bird. The dying favourite opened its eyes, shook its feathers, staggered on to his fingers, piped "God save the King," and fell dead.

The diseases of bullfinches are similar to those of the cage birds already noticed. In confinement their health is best assured by keeping them to rape seed, with a very little hemp and plenty of green food. At moulting time they should have a clove in the water.



## The Skylark.

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F all birds, I should like to be a lark. He revels in the brightest time of the day, in the happiest season of the year, among fresh meadows and opening flowers; and when he has sated himself with the sweetness of earth, he wings his flight up to heaven, as if he would drink in the melody of the morning sun. Hark to that note! how it comes trilling down upon the ear!

Who would trouble his head about operas or concerts, or even the delightful strains of Mademoiselle De Mora, when he could walk into the fields and hear such music for nothing?

The lark family of birds are widely distributed in Europe. There are many kinds of larks; but the skylark is chiefly known by his perpendicular flight. All the larks are remarkable for the form of the hinder claw, which is altogether straighter, stronger, and much longer than the others. They are all grain-eating birds, which sojourn or nestle on the ground, where their nests will always be found, generally con-

cealed between two clods of earth ; it is merely a little hollow place, lined with grass, small dried roots, or the hair of cattle.

The daisied lea he loves, where tufts of grass  
Luxuriant crown the ridge ; there, with his mate,  
He finds their lonely house, of withered leaves  
And coarsest spear-grass ; next the inner work  
With finer and still finer fibres lays,  
Rounding it curious with his speckled breast.

Larks have usually two broods in the year. The eggs, to



the number of four or five, are of a greyish colour, with brown spots ; these are hatched in about a fortnight, and at the end of another fortnight the young birds quit the nest. Their mother teaches them how to procure their food, which at first consists of caterpillars, worms, and ant-eggs. In countries where locusts abound the lark is highly valued, on account of

its consumption of large quantities of their eggs. When full grown, larks feed on grain, herbs, and vegetable substances. They seldom go to the water, but quench their thirst by inhaling dew-drops.

That the lark should ever be numbered among cage birds is a matter of regret with all true lovers of nature; but that it is so numbered, a walk through any populous town will soon convince us. But, with all this, the lark is never at home in a cage; he is ever prone to mount into the skies, and to "sing his song at heaven's high gate." When other birds would be reconciled and comparatively happy, the lark often sinks into a state of gloom and despondency in his prison. It is wretched and pitiful to see a caged lark standing on his miserable piece of green turf four inches by three, springing upwards and heavenwards as he twitters his luscious melody, and knocking his little head against the kind soft pad put at the top of his prison by his amiable jailer. The lark, however, tries to reconcile himself to his hard fate, and will even seem docile, and cut out of the hand of those who attend upon him—a rare forgiveness must this bird have.

The lark exhibits strong attachment to its eggs and young ones. Mr. Jesse gives an instance of this. "The other day," he says, "some mowers actually shaved off the upper part of a skylark's nest without injuring the female, which was sitting on her young. Still she did not fly away, and the mowers levelled the grass all round her without her taking further notice of the proceeding. A young friend of mine, son of the owner of the crop, witnessed this, and about half an hour

afterwards went to see if she was safe, when, to his great surprise, he found that she had actually constructed a dome of dry grass over the nest during the interval, leaving an aperture on one side for ingress and egress, thus endeavouring to ensure a continuance of the shelter previously supplied by the long grass."

Larks will also attempt the removal of their eggs in seasons of danger. A clergyman riding down Dell Quay, in Chichester Harbour, had his attention drawn by a shrieking cry, and observed a pair of larks rising out of a stubble field. As the larks crossed the road at a slow rate it was observed that one of them had a young bird in its claws, which was dropped in the opposite field, at the height of twenty or thirty feet from the ground. On taking it up, it appeared to have been hatched eight or nine days. The watchful parent had endeavoured to convey it to a place of safety, but her strength failed her in the attempt.

If persons are desirous of bringing up young larks for the aviary or cage (which God forbid I should advise), they must attend to the directions of Beckstein, who recommends that the birds be taken from the nest when the bird's tail is about three-quarters of an inch long. They are to be fed on crumbs of bread and poppy-seeds steeped in milk, with the addition of some ants' eggs, or a little minced lean meat. As they advance towards full growth they may be fed on a paste made of grated carrot, white bread soaked in water, or barley and wheat meal, all worked together in a mortar. They should have also plenty of green food, such as lettuce, endive, or



watercress, and now and then a little lean meat, by way of a delicacy.

Larks may be kept in rooms, in aviaries, or in large cages. It is pitiable to see the narrow prisons to which these birds of the sky are often doomed. The cage should never be less than two feet long, one wide, and eighteen inches high; a deep layer of sand should always cover the bottom, that it may have the means of scratching and dusting its feathers. The cage should be without any cross stick, and be furnished with a piece of fresh turf daily. Great attention to cleanliness is required with this bird, and his feet should be often looked at and thoroughly cleansed.

Larks usually live nine or ten years in cages, if they are well cared for; but they are released from their confinement by death very frequently. Some have been known to live upwards of twenty years. They are subject to the same diseases as other birds, especially to epilepsy.

There is a partial migration of larks to other countries every autumn, but great numbers remain behind, as is proved by the state of our markets, and by the unfailing supply in our fields.

Farewell, lark! but ere I say farewell, let me, with my dear old friend Wordsworth, say—

*Æthereal minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!*

*Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?*

*Or while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye*

*Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground—*

*Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will*

*Those quivering wings composed and music still?*

Leave to the nightingale the shady wood ;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with rapture more divine.  
Type of the wise, who soar but never roam,  
True to the kindred points of heaven and home !



# The Woodlark.

(ALAUDA ARBOREA.)



HE woodlark bears a great resemblance to the skylark, but is one-third smaller. It is well distributed over the British Isles, principally, however, in the eastern, south, and western districts, and partially in Ireland.

The habits of the woodlark differ from those of the skylark in some particulars; the woodlark perches, and pours forth its song from the summit of trees, which the skylark never does. The former is also more solitary than the latter bird, and instead of choosing cultivated ground for its resting-place, it prefers the borders of woods, in wild and unfrequented spots. The nest itself is made of grass, and usually has a soft lining of hair. The eggs are four or five in number, of a dirty white tinted with brown, and having patches of a dirty brown and grey. The nesting-time is in general early. The birds often begin to build in March, and

hatch their eggs in May. As the young of the woodlark are in great request to bring up as cage-birds, the lateness of some of their broods may be the consequence of repeated disappointments.

The song of the woodlark is truly delicious. Beckstein ranks it next to that of the nightingale; he says it is more soft and plaintive than that of the skylark. When the woodlark is near trees it varies its pitch and cadence probably more than the skylark, swelling its song as it ascends, and sometimes rising higher than the ordinary flight of the other. When it takes the top of its flight it sends down a gush of song incomparably sweet, though there is a feeling of desolation in it.

The woodlark, in spring, feeds on the buds of herbs or of watercresses. In summer and autumn it lives on insect-food and various descriptions of grain and seed.

The woodlark is a great favourite with the bird-fancier, and is preferred as a cage-bird to the skylark. But it is not fitted for the cage any more than the skylark; its disposition to soar is irresistible, and to confine the bird within the narrow limits of a cage betrays thoughtlessness or cruelty; and the case of woodlarks in confinement is a very sorry one—with the greatest care they pine in their captivity. They are tolerably tranquil; they eat little; and when spring returns, unless restored to their liberty, they frequently die broken-hearted.

## TO A CAGED WOODLARK.

THY notes are silenced and thy plumage mewed,  
Say, drooping minstrel, both shall be renewed.  
Voice will return, I cannot choose but sing,  
Yet liberty alone can plume my wing.  
O give me that—I will not—cannot fly  
Within a cage less ample than the sky.  
Then shalt thou hear, as if an angel sang,  
Unseen in air, heaven's music on my tongue.  
O give me that! I cannot rest at ease  
On meaner perches than the forest trees.  
There, in thy walk, while evening shadows roll,  
My song shall melt into thy inmost soul.  
But, till thou let thy captive bird depart,  
The sweetness of my strain shall wring thy heart.







# Distributing the Prizes at a Village School.

WITH A WORD TO CHILDREN OF A LARGER GROWTH.

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HERE are a great many beautiful sights to be seen in this beautiful world. Nature has her glorious things in earth, air, sea, and sky. The rainbow, the stars, the sunset, ocean, the lovely flowers, trees, and the rejoicings of the animal world, from the gyration of gnats in the sunset ray, to the multitudes of chattering parrots and monkeys in the interminable forests of South America. But there are sights connected with our social



condition which are equally beautiful, and one of these is the sweet aspect of a happy village school.

Shenstone's schoolmistress affords a quaint picture of one a century ago, and some of us who were boys more than half a century ago, can remember the old "Schoolmistress;" and although it is the fashion just now to laud the board lesson and gallery system, depend upon it that a good schoolmistress of the ancient type was not to be despised, and her "moral influence," old woman as she was, had a very good hold on the rising generation.

However, those times are past, and a new order of things is commencing, which is like many new orders of things, likely to run into a vast deal of nonsense before it settles itself down to common-sense notions. The danger we now are to apprehend from new modes and methods is, that the great salient points of school instruction should be slurred over for the sake of cramming children with what they can't understand, and which would never be of any use to them if they did. In many schools the children are well up in a great variety of scientific and historical and philosophical jargon; but are at the same time very poor readers, very sad writers, and very sorry arithmeticians.

This won't do, and parents will find others out bye-and-bye; and as it frequently happens that I am allowed to say a word to parents as well as to children, I can't refrain now from giving a hint or two to them. Take care that your children are taught to read well, that they are enabled to write a good hand, and that they are well acquainted with the fundamental

rules of arithmetic; these are essentials, and if they be neglected in early days, the neglect can rarely be remedied in after life.

It is, as I said, a beautiful sight to be at a "school examination" when the children are not put forth for "display," and when they are not stuffed up with conceit and vanity. In a great village school that I went to see the other day the prizes were being distributed; there was the dear old clergyman, with a face on which was written, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will towards men," with his neat and amiable wife overflowing with the milk of human kindness, distributing the little marks of approbation to those around her. The children were quiet, meek, orderly, and loving, and God's sunshine seemed to glow through them while they sung the evening hymn at the sweet close of a lovely midsummer day.

The prizes we compete for in the school-room are many and various; but what are the prizes we should endeavour to win in the great contention of life? Not fame, nor wealth, nor popular applause—the true prizes of our hearts are to have acquired truth and loving kindness, contentment, honour and honesty, humility, and above all, christian charity; the heart that has acquired these, is indeed a prize in itself, and will be prized by our Father who is in heaven.

In illustration of my text, I here subjoin one of my household songs, which exhibits something of what our own should be when we go to school.

## A SONG OF THE "CROSS ROW."

I'LL sing a song of A B C  
    (If you will list awhile,  
And pay attention unto me)  
    That may create a smile.  
Not many children, I'll suppose,  
    But do their letters know ;  
And therefore I shall sing to them  
    A song of the "*Cross row*."

Both U and I with ee's can C  
    That man is prone to ill,  
And that to B or not to B,  
    Is the "great question" still.  
Would we preserve our character,  
    And not our minds abuse,  
We must be careful not to R,  
    And mind our P's and Q's.

A man cannot get on in life,  
    Unless that he is Y Y's ;  
And to avoid all snares and strife,  
    Must make use of his I I's.  
In bus'ness would he make his way,  
    And take care not to lose,  
He must look sharp to L S D,  
    And shun the I O U's.

In all that you are called to do,  
    Endeavour to X L ;  
For X L N C is a thing  
    That rarely fails to tell.  
Who puzzles much Z is wrong,  
    Yet be not over dull,  
For it must be a wretched thing  
    To have an M T scull.

B B C as a B C B,  
 In village or C T;  
 In quiet temper ever walk,  
 And life will E C B.  
 For those that R still feel P T,  
 And follow on S T;  
 Do what is right, walk in the light,  
 And fear no N M E.

Be careful that you shun X S  
 When you to make S A,  
 In meal or drink, or every mess  
 May hasten your D K.  
 And dying you will leave behind,  
 Instead of L E G,  
 To turn the nose and taint the wind,  
 A rank X U V E.

Make principle your A and Z,  
 And pattern F E G;  
 And then your course of duty will  
 Be right unto a T.  
 And when that you shall C C's to B  
 A living N T T,  
 In this sad world, in that above,  
 U L live in X T C.

W. M.



## Going a-Nutting.

WITH OUR WONDERFUL ADVENTURES.

---

O the sweet nutting time !  
O the sweet nutting time !  
When the filberts are in prime,  
In the robust autumn time,  
When the woods are browning.

**A** YE! and a very sweet, dear, delicious "duck" of a time it is, as Miss Crowley will have it. The season when the nuts are getting ripe is delightful to those who love Nature in her russet brown, as I do. Who does not love to see the limes and the elms in their "sunny umber," or burnt "Terra de sienna," the glorious oaks in their sober brown, and the Spanish chesnuts with their noble embowered heads, glowing like clouds of gold?

Well do I remember those "russet days;" well do I remember the time when, daly prepared for an encounter with briars and brambles, bearing on my shoulder the long nutting-crook, and ample wallet to put the nuts in, I started off for the woods. Oh, what happy hours have I spent in exploring

woods and intricate paths, and making my way through thorny brakes and beds of tangled fern, until I reached some untrodden nook, surrounded by hazel bushes, where I and my party of boys and girls, all full of fun and frolic, and of longings for adventure, were repaid by the clusters of woodnuts and filberts.

This was innocent sport. The excitement attending these excursions—the search, sometimes a long but never a tedious one, ere a favourable spot is discovered; the cool shades that are explored, the perfect liberty that is enjoyed by all the party, the separations in quest of fruitful trees; the unexpected meetings, when each thought he had chosen a distinct path, the rural meal enjoyed beneath some ancient oak, where heathbells and harebells form the carpeting on which the somewhat tired, but never weary, party repose; all these things make a day's nutting one of the pleasantest and merriest time to young people, and one of the most agreeable to look back upon when youth has passed away. To those who can enjoy pleasures of this kind, and who, although they may not be fond of nuts, may be fond of nutting, I hope to give a few amusing and instructive hints.

The wood hazel appears to be derived from the old Saxon word *hesil*, the term for a head dress, in allusion to the peculiar growth of the calyx of the nut, which shields or envelops the fruit in the same way as a bonnet—used to do—the heads of our fair countrywomen.

The hazel is a native of the cooler parts of Europe, Northern Asia, and North America; and from it are derived

the numerous varieties of nuts and filberts now in cultivation. That it is indigenous to our island there is no doubt, especially prevailing in the northern parts of the kingdom. Sir William Temple says the north-west part of our island was, in former times, called Cal-dun,—(signifying hills of hazel, with which it was covered,) which the Romans, forming an easy and pleasant sound from what appeared harsh to their classical ear, gave it the name of Caledonia. This is a *nut* for my good and beloved friends the Scotch to crack.

In the colder parts of England the hazel flourishes amazingly, and in almost every part we meet with hedges or coppices of hazel, while hazel wood and nuts are frequently found in the peat bogs of Scotland and Ireland. The soil which produces the most plentiful growth of this tree is that which is somewhat mossy and retentive of moisture, but it is found likewise in high and rocky situations; and often, when not prematurely cut, hazel-poles will measure from twenty to thirty feet in length.

The hazel is a very early and pleasing herald as the spring approaches. At the moment I am writing this, March 15th, the catkins are hanging gracefully from the filbert bushes in my garden at Holly Lodge. The frail buds are also showing themselves, and begin to disclose the bright crimson of their shafts:

Hazel buds with crimson gems,  
Green and glossy salallows.

The hazel is known by its shrubby habit, by its broad leafy

husks, much lacerated and spreading at the point, by its roundish heart-shaped leaves, and rough light-coloured bark. Its wood is of close and even grain, and the roots beautifully round. The nuts abound with a mild oil, which may be extracted by expression.

The uses of the hazel are many. The roots afford beautiful wood for inlaying, the suckers and branches form walking-sticks, fishing-rods, stakes, hurdles, hoops, panniers, and baskets. Excellent charcoal is obtained from the wood. Chips of hazel-wood are said to purify "so-so" wine in the space of twenty-four hours. The nuts, although not to my liking, form the favourite food of the squirrel, who lays up a hoard every year for winter use, and carefully selects the best.

There are superstitions connected with the hazel-nut, as there are with everything else, and among the many customs connected with the vigil of All Saints' Day is that of the "burning of nuts," and All Hallow's Eve has been termed a "crack," that is a nut-crack night. These practices are more common among the Scotch than among ourselves. The vain wish to penetrate into the secrets of futurity, and to discover how much good or evil is likely to be blended in the lot, is the natural feeling of the uneducated mind. The burning of nuts on St. Holyrood's or All Hallow's Eve is a favourite charm, and according to the manner in which they burn, the happiness or misery of many a loving pair is foretold. If the nuts, when they are placed in the fire, burn quietly, side by side, with a steady flame, the persons repre-



sented by them are to be faithful to each other, and lead a happy life. If a nut cracks or starts from the fire, the youth or damsel whose name it bears, is to prove untrue, or the marriage is to prove unfortunate. The old custom is set forth in the following lines:—

These glowing nuts are emblems true  
Of what in human life we view.  
The ill-matched couple fret and fume,  
And thus in strife themselves consume;  
Or from each other wildly start,  
And with a noise for ever part.  
But see the happy, happy pair,  
Of genuine love and truth sincere,  
With mutual fondness while they burn,  
Still to each other kindly turn;  
And as the vital sparks decay,  
Together gently sink away,  
Till life's fierce ordeal being past,  
Their mingled ashes rest at last.

In gathering nuts we often find some with a maggot in them. This is a little grub. Its parent insect, the nut-weevil (*Balerinus nuceum*), belongs to the beetle family, the species of which are all furnished with a "borer." The nut-beetle, or weevil, is about a quarter of an inch in length, of a dull brown colour, and is seen about the beginning of August, eagerly running over the bushes, and seeking a place to commence operations. She soon finds a nut suited to her purpose, and it must be a sound one; on this she drills a hole with her horny beak, and introduces a single egg of

a brown colour. The nut is but little injured by this operation, and continues to grow and ripen. In about a fortnight's time the egg is hatched, and the young larva commences feeding on the soft internal parts of the shell, allowing the kernel to grow and attain its full size ere he begins to attack it. By this remarkable arrangement the life of the insect is preserved, and the kernel being the last part which it attacks, affords food for the grub during the whole time required for the attainment of its full growth.

Southey, who had a good many nuts to crack in his time, has written some curious verses which apply to this subject:—

Man also has his dangers and his foes  
 As this poor maggot hath; and when I muse  
 Upon the aches, anxieties, and fears  
 The maggot knows not; Nicholas, methinks,  
 It were a happy metamorphosis  
 To be enkernelled thus—never to hear  
 Of wars, and of invasions, and of plots,  
 To feel no motion but the wind that shook  
 The filbert tree, and rocked us to our rest;  
 And in the middle of such exquisite food  
 To live luxurious. The perfection this  
 Of snugness. If I were to unite at once  
 Hermetic retirement, aldermanic bliss,  
 And noble independence of mankind,  
 I'd be a maggot—in a sweetheart nut.

Surely poets have strange maggots in their heads.

One of my “maggots” will be taken out of his shell to crawl through the following pages. A nutting frolic is a good

thing, especially when carried out as the one I shall describe was—namely, in the spirit of love, friendship, and harmony. There is nothing more lovely than to see children enjoy themselves, and among all enjoyments there is nothing like the “old nut woods” and hazel bushes to me, especially when nut-brown countenances and rosy cheeks of girls and boys make up the *tout ensemble*.



# A Nutting Frolic.



## CHAPTER I.



**F**OR fun, frolic, athletic sports, and outdoor diversions I think October to be the best month in the year, for the days are then generally fine; the air is bracing and cool, but not too cold; and the country, the dear delightful country, looks like some hale, robust, cheerful old man, who has still a good deal of "skip-jack" left in him. The hedges, though they have few flowers, glow with purple sloes and luscious blackberries; the brilliant scarlet and green berries of the nightshade, and the nuts, like united brethren, hang clustering from the bushy hazel thickets, tempting us to a ramble amid woods, and dells, and coppices; and it is also a fine characteristic at this time of the year to observe how the frolicking

winds and frisky blasts get up dances among the forest leaves, making us, as we look at the capering, ready to join in the Boreas exercise.

It was in the month of October, a good many years ago,



that a "party was formed to go a-nutting." It was among the children of some three or four intimate families who lived near each other in a manufacturing and mercantile town in one of the central counties. It had a charming country dis-

trict around it, and abounded in luxurious woods, beautiful hills, and delightful valleys, with little rivers purling through them quietly, or babbling and rolling among rocky beds.

The families to which I allude were bound together by their love of the rural and the lovely. They had long been fond of pic-nics; and it is pleasing to think upon the love and friendships which these little réunions in the sweet summer-time created among them. There is something in homely nature, after all, more than in the most refined art, to bind people together by the cords of affection. The sunshine, the flowers, the soft breezes, the clear waters, the green hedges, the blue skies—all speak of love and goodness, and they find an echo in every amiable heart.

Well, there were the Smiths, and the Browns, and the Jones's, and the Robinsons, all respectable families in the town, who were called by their kind neighbours the "rustics," or the "*rustic set*," because they were always rustivating, instead of going to hot ball-rooms and steaming assemblies, and preferred the sweet songs of the birds to the screechings of prima donnas, and the fragrant perfume of the flowers to the foul airs of crowded apartments. It was a mark of non-gentility by which they lost caste, and a kind of instinct of low vulgarity, as Miss Celestina Constantia Rambotham very frequently said, with a turn up of her nose truly unamiable.

However, leaving her to "wax lights" and "waltzes," we may say something about the rustics, or, at least, of the juvenile ones. There was Bob Smith, Tom Brown, Jemmy

Jones, and Jack Robinson. Then there was Sally Brown and Letty Brown, Bessie Jones, and Nancy Robinson. The four boys were between the ages of ten and fourteen, and the girls between nine and thirteen; so there was not much difference between them, except that Letty Brown was not quite seven years old, as regards age, but a vast deal older in wit, fun, and frolic than any of the others.

Bob Smith was a dare-demon sort of lad, bold as a lion, with a nose like an eagle's and an eye like a hawk's. Tom Brown was a tall slim youth, with a nose so sharp that it cut the wind like the point of a weather-cock. He was as sharp as his nose, and as funny as he was sharp. Jemmy Jones was a soft, flaxen, curly-haired lad, with no colour in his cheeks, and not a very great deal of spirit; he had been spoiled by his mother, for he was an only son, and it is said that he had eaten more cakes and sweetmeats than all the other boys in the town. Jack Robinson, the son of a cloth-dresser, was a curly-headed, black-eyed, straight-nosed, thick-set, bold, generous, and funny boy, who longed to be a sailor.

This, then, was the "set," that set off one fine October morning into the country to go "Nutting." They had provided themselves with crooks and bags, or wallets; the former they carried in their hands like pastoral staves, and the latter over their shoulders, in a half-military style. The girls looked something like young shepherdesses, such as we see them in Watteau's paintings; and the boys, although they did not look like young shepherds, looked especially captivating and picturesque.

But I should have said something concerning the characters of the girls, for girls have characters as well as boys, and sometimes much purer and better. As to Sally Brown, she was a romp, and full of innocent fun and frolic. Bessy Jones was slim, genteel, very fond of sentiment and flowers, and of kittens, guinea-pigs, and white mice. As to Nancy Robinson, she wished as much to be a man as her brother did to be a sailor, and was as fond of dogs, and ponies, and donkeys, and swinging on gates, and rowing in a boat, as her very dear, dear friend Bessy Jones was of pet puppies, darling squirrels, and sucking guinea pigs.

So now we have the girls and boys all before us, walking with great decorum through the streets of the town. But they are soon in the country; they have passed over the old bridge that divides Warwickshire from Dorset, and with a spring and a bound they are all among the briars and the blackberries, the ferns and the brooms, the mosses and the lichens. Then there is such a chattering, and jumping, and rollicking, and pushing into the ditches, or upon the banks or prickly quick-sets, as to make one laugh amid soiled stockings, mudded boots, and scratchings and prickings here, there, and everywhere.

The party soon came to the beautiful dells and thickets, and turned into one of them, which led to a hazel wood. It was a narrow valley, abounding in ferns, and fox-glove, and hare-bells, now, however, getting into the wane of floral life. Jack Robinson, who was generally pioneer of the party, was a little in advance, and called out suddenly, in the very highest



key of his voice, "Stop, boys! stop! See, there! see, there! there sits aly old Reynard the Fox! Wait, and see if we cannot catch him."



"Never mind catching him," cried out Bob Smith; "give him a topper for luck;" and suiting the action to the word, the boy took up a huge stone, and, with an unerring aim, struck the poor animal on the back of his head, who immediately turned upon his side, apparently lifeless.

"What glorious luck!" cried out Bob. "This is my first day's 'fox settling,' for I can't call it 'fox-hunting.'" So saying, he caught hold of Reynard's tail, and gave him two or three swings round, to the great discomfiture of the girls, who

were somewhat alarmed, never having seen a live fox before. But, at last, believing the beast to be really harmless, they joined in congratulating Bob on his rare good luck.

"I can do a fox any day," said he. "There is nothing like coming on 'em quick. If you give a fox time to think, he is a match for you; but if you hit him before he has time to get his wits about him, you have 'done him.'" By this speech Jack wished his hearers to understand that he knew a great deal about the natural history, habits, and sagacity of the fox, and took no credit for a random stone-throw, but rather wished to be looked upon as one who knew what he was about, and who did it scientifically.

Thus saying, he threw the old fox over his shoulder, holding him by the tail, and away the party proceeded, threading their way among the tangled furze, fern, and brushwood; but so proud was Smith of his exploit that he could not help recurring to it over and over again. He kept up, too, the same kind of scientific talk about foxes, wishing to sustain the idea that his feat was one of knowledge and skill more than of luck.

"I think myself a match for a fox any day," he continued. "If I can only get a peep into a fox's eye before he sniffs the wind, I am sure of him; and then if you fix your eyes on him he can't move; you must not look behind you, nor turn to the right nor to the left; but keep in the line of your direction, and come upon him—Just as you saw me do it—just as you saw me do it."

But, alas for boasting! Just as the fox-killer had made

this boast, he suddenly went off with a stupendous shriek like the danger-signal of a steam-horse; at the same moment he leaped high up in the air, and came down with a whack to the ground. "Murder! murder! murder!" he cried. "And oh, my poor——"

I don't know what he would have said, but he was rubbing his back behind and kicking on the ground, while the fox, with a snake-like run into the grass, darted away, to be seen no more. The fox had been a vast deal too cunning for the lad; he had feigned death, which foxes are known very frequently to do, and, watching a good opportunity, had inflicted upon his captor such a "bite behind" as would leave him to remember doing a fox for the remainder of his days.

The kicking and squalling and rolling of Bob was extraordinary; but not more so than the laughter which arose on all sides. However, in the midst of the fun there were lots of sympathy. Little Sally Brown brought a stinging nettle, which, she said, was good for fox-bites; Bessy Jones, the sentimental young lady, proffered her smelling-bottle; while Nancy Robinson, who was always longing to be a man, cried out, "Never mind, old fellow; better luck another time. Come, be a man—be a man; or, at all events, behave like one." She then opened the provision basket, and gave Bob a huge slice of cake and a glass of cowslip wine; after which he left off rubbing his back where the fox had bitten him, and began to rub his stomach, where the wine had bitten him, with great gusto, till at last he cried out, "Bob Smith is himself again! But, woe to the foxes! From this time and

for ever I vow death to the foxes, wherever I can find them—even to “Fox in Mittens.”

“But I thought you knew their habits well,” said Jack Robinson, with a little bit of a titter at the side of his mouth.

“So I do,” replied Bob; “so I do. I knew they were cunning, deceptive, artful creatures.”

“But you never knew they were backbiters, did you, Bob?” said Jack.

“No, nor ‘backsliders,’” replied Bob, good-humouredly. “I think I never felt him run down my back at all; he slipped away so easily. But he has left his *mark* behind him, and behind me, too.”



## CHAPTER II.

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AFTER this incident, and the merriment it occasioned, was passed into the tomb of oblivion, the party put their best feet forward towards the nut-brown woods, of which they were in quest. Delicious were their up-turnings and down-turnings, and windings and twistings, and ins and outs of the cross roads, and grassy lanes, and bridle paths, which kept them in a perpetual maze and labyrinth, with scratched hands, faces, and garments to match. At last they saw Cragmoor forest looming in the distance, and they soon came near enough to hear the spirit of the winds talking among the upmost branches of the lofty trees. The entrance to the wood was by a kind of hollow way, dark and gloomy enough; and just as they had reached the darkest and gloomiest part of it, they suddenly came upon a frightful-looking old hag. She looked half man and half woman, with a small dash of the wild hyena. Her clothes were tattered, her eyes were haggard, her face was furrowed, and her hands looked more like toads' paws than human hands divine. The old crone had a great stick in her hand, and a wallet round her middle; and just as the party were about to get over a rude stile that led to the mazes of the forest, the old woman, with a fierce cry and flourish of her stick, barred their passage.

"Children!" she cried, "go back! Go your ways, and be hanged! What business have ye here with your crooks and wallets, and your fine tawdry? Can't you find room enough in your 'smoke-tub,' but ye must come gandering here? Do you want to take all the nuts out of the place? But I tell ye what, this is St. Holyrood's day, and ye will mind it till the end of your days. Ye'll be caught up and twiggled about in the air, and hisaled and sissled about till the breath and marrow and mirth of you will be shook out like bran from a flannel doll, if you come here. Old Winkey is let loose to-day, and is free to do all the mischief he can to all who enter the wood for the purpose of stealing his nuts. And to a certainty he will put you into his black nutting-poke, and take you all below for a roasting with his chesnuts! So, go back, I say, you small boys and small girls. Get home with you, or I will call out to old Winkey to come and take you. Go, I say!"

"Hang me if I go back!" said Jack Robinson. "What! go back, after having come all this way! Go back! No, no, Mrs. Hookamcrookum, or whatever your name is, we are not going back, so don't you think it. Our motto is, 'Forward!' We are come out to have some nuts; but we don't want any 'nuts to crack' with you: so sheer off, old Jezebel."

The old woman struck her crook with great force on the stile, and looked very fierce indeed. "I tell you what," she said, drawing herself close to the boys, "if you attempt to come in here, I will give every one of you such a banging as shall give your mothers a great deal to do with vinegar and

brown paper, when you get home. You had better keep whole bones in your body. If you want nuts, go and buy them; don't come here to steal them."

Some of the girls, upon this remark being made about stealing, looked very pale. They had never thought that there was anything wrong about getting a few wild nuts in a wild wood, for they thought that the wood was nobody's, and consequently that the nuts were nobody's, any more than the stones in the highway; but even these, you know, must belong to somebody.

Jack Robinson was not, however, to be frightened, and he went boldly up to the stile, and before the old woman knew what he was at, he was over on the other side. Bob Smith quickly followed. The old woman set up a frightful scream, giving the boys two or three good knocks on the head, whereupon Jack Robinson snatched the stick out of her hand, while Bob Smith helped the girls over the barrier, and, with the old woman muttering curses around them, the whole party found themselves within the precincts of the wood. The old woman went off at a right angle, and in a sort of tangent, muttering maledictions and imprecations on the heads of the young intruders, upon the hearing of which Bob Smith called out to her, "Curses are like chickens, Mother Goose; if you send them abroad in the morning, they will be sure to come home to roost at night." So saying, he led the way into the mazes of the forest, the others following their leader.

And so they went through underwood and tangled green wood and sere wood, wet wood and dry wood, prickly wood

and touch wood. The dewberries were in a most luscious state of ripeness, and many a handful of them were swallowed with most delicious gusto. Abounding, as they did, on every side, it was no wonder to see the hands, mouths, noses, and cheeks of the boys and girls, to say nothing of white collars and pinafores, stained all over with the purple juice; and when they saw each other's begrimed



features, they set up a laugh. To make themselves the more ridiculous, little Letty Brown amused herself by dabbing her forehead, cheeks, and chin with one of the most juicy of the berries she could find. Her example was soon followed by Bessy Jones and Nancy Robinson; and the boys then declared the girls looked more beautiful than ever, and romped with



them afresh, trying to dab more of the imperial purple upon their fair faces, as they feasted on the berries.

It was a joyous time, most certainly. The sun, as it descended, threw its ruby and gold gleams among the glorious old Scotch firs, and burnished up the old sycamores and maples, and wild crab-apple trees, making them look as warm and sociable as a Christmas fireside. The caller-song of the thrush was heard in the thickets, and the cooing of the turtle-doves from among the pines. The children had reached the very centre of the forest, and came upon the grand aggregate of nut-bushes, which it was the great object of their ambition to reach. There were nuts on every side; they grew at their feet, they hung overhead; they clustered here, they clustered there, over the banks, under the trees, along the side of ditches, and round ponds and tiny lakes. It was the true land of nuts, and of squirrels, which bounded from tree to tree, or ran hither and thither, to the infinite amusement and delight of the "youngsters." Bob Smith and Jack Robinson wanted their guns to shoot the squirrels. Bob said he had heard that they ate well in a pie; at which the girls cried shame. Jack said he should like half-a-dozen of them roasted on a skewer as they do larks; at which very cannibal-like remark his sister Nancy called him a "monster" worse than Cormoran, the Cornish giant, whom we read of in "Jack the Giant Killer."

Amid all this fun and frolic the nut gathering went on with the greatest spirit. The crome-sticks bent down the higher boughs, so that the very best of them could be reached. Then

there were cries on all sides; Bob Smith calling out to Sally Brown that he had got a beautiful cluster, which he threw into her lap; and Bessy Jones calling out to Jack Robinson to hook down that magnificent branch from a bough too high



for her to get at. Then the boys were climbing up to clusters that the crooks would not reach, and sliding down in a hurry, when they least expected it, or tumbling head over heels from the breaking of the slender nut boughs, which are often, as you know, very weak at their moss-grown roots. So, between pulling and crouching, and climbing and tumbling, and rolling and shouting, and laughing and frolicking, the whole party at last got stuffed with nuts. They not merely filled their nutting bags, but the boys filled their pockets—trousers, jackets, and waistcoats, and some even put them in their caps and bonnets. They were, in short, as fully laden,

and much after the same fashion as bees are with wax when they return home on a long summer's day; and they now began to feel a little tired with their day's labour. Their hands and arms ached with pulling and croming, their legs ached with stubbing and walking, and their sides ached with laughing. Then was the time for a luncheon and feasting; so after they had reached a spot where there was a good breadth of sunshine, and a few dry knolls to rest upon, the nutting party sat down to a "fête champêtre."



### CHAPTER III.

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THE day had passed so pleasantly that the youngsters hardly noticed that the sun was throwing upwards his last red rays upon the tops of the old oaks and fir-trees. They had quite forgotten that in the month of October our ancient luminary goes to bed at six. So, without more ado, they sat down to their feasting, such as it was. There was no display of sparkling Moselle, Burgundy, or Champagne, nor of what are called the usual delicacies of the season, but plain brown bread and cheese, a great lump of gingerbread, and, as for liquors, they went and tapped the fine old wine of Father Adam from a bubbling spring which had been six thousand years in bottle; and round the bubbling spring, among the fox-glove and the hare-bells, the yellow tansey and the tufted moss, they clustered like tired bees at evening's close.

They had scarcely settled down to their refreshment when the sun was obscured, and a dark stratum of clouds, that had for some time sulked in the horizon, rose up to spoil the twilight. Before they had disposed of the bread and cheese part of their feast, to succeed which they had a reserve of gingerbread in store as dessert, the wind began to whistle, then to sigh, and then to howl, and then to roar; the clouds, too, began to sneeze and snivel, and behave themselves like "fractious" children, which betokened, by their

whinings and moanings, that a squall may be soon expected. Then the thunder began to mutter, as if it had a



mind to scold the winds for making such a noise, and the clouds for their sobbing and weeping. The youthful adventurers looked up in some dismay, particularly the girls, who began adjusting the skirts of their dresses over their heads, and took close shelter under the thickest trees, while the remains of the feast were hastily put away, and the Festival of the Rurals was at a stand.

"It will soon blow over," said Jack Robinson; "and if it don't, so much the better fun."

"Let's cut and run for it," said Bob Smith, "and each of us take a girl on our shoulders till we get to the Red Barn, and there we can stow ourselves away till it's all over."

"We are in for it, I am sure," said Jemmy Jones; "and my new corderoys will be spoiled, and my frill" (boys wore frills then) "will be all out of plait; and I shall get cold, and Ma will have to nurse me, and I shall have to take bushels of pills and pailsfull of water-gruel, and perhaps be blistered and put in hot water, and—Oh, oh, oh! Ho, ho, ho!"

"You are a pretty fellow to come out a-nutting," roared out Robinson. "What a precious milksop you are! I declare you are always going on, when there's going to be any fun, as if you were cutting your teeth, and wanted your gums rubbed with a bit of coral or a bone ring. If you go on like this, you will frighten all the girls, and we shall have them swooning, and fainting, and screeching, and perhaps dying, and we shall never get them home at all."

"See how it's raining," interrupted Jones; "see how it's pouring down in perpendiculars; and hark at the thunder! Hark at the thunder!"

"Oh, it is a long way off," cried out Smith, "and it won't come this way. Don't you be afraid of the thunder."

"But I am," Jones was going to say, when a vivid flash of lightning stopped his words, and he dropped breathless. The girls at the same moment screamed; the lightning blazed again, and the thunder came down with a dreadful row-de-dow. In the consternation which, for a moment, ensued, a most hideous roar was heard, followed by as hideous a scream, and then by as hideous a groan. Looking up at the direction from which the noises came—the girls quivering all over, and the boys, if not alarmed, certainly startled—there they beheld,

in the middle of a dark holly-bush, a most fearful, frightful, horrid, savage, monstrous-looking thing. It had the head of a lion, the horns of a bull, and the shaggy hair of a bear, and its eyes rolled, and its teeth gnashed, and its bristly mane shook and stood on end, as it were, with fury. While they remained thus, almost distilled to jelly with their fear, a loud voice called out, "I'll have you!" Jones, although prostrate, raised himself up with great alacrity; the girls gave another shriek, and Jones, leading the way as fast as his legs could carry him, the female community followed at his heels, without daring to cast one "longing lingering look behind."

Smith and Robinson were not so frightened, and Jack was for charging into the holly. Brown called out, "It's only old Dan Tucker, just come in to get a bit of supper." Smith said it was a jackass in spectacles; but while they were making these impious remarks, three wild-looking beings, twisted from top to toe in hay-bands and sere fern-leaves, with thick cudgels in their hands, flew upon the unfortunate youths with great fury. Jack parried their blows for a while with his crome-stick, as did Smith, but having received several rather hard cracks upon the back, head, and shoulders, they began to think that the better part of valour was discretion, and ran off at double quick speed, only looking behind them now and then to see if the fiends were coming, and at the same time picking up some good-sized stones, to throw at them if they did come.

However, they did not come; and Brown, Smith, and

Robinson ran on towards the Red Barn, where they found Jones in a most wretched plight. He had crept under an immense quantity of threshed straw, leaving nothing out but his heels, round which the girls sat like guardian angels. Smith called out "Jones ! Jones !" but the only reply he got was a quivering and drawing up of Jones's feet. He tried to pull him to a sense of his degraded situation, but Jones only



pulled his feet up towards his body, and cried out, "Oh, good Mr. Hobgoblin, pray forgive me this time ! I will never touch any of your nuts again. Pray, Mr. Hobgoblin, don't eat me, for I am sure the buttons on my jacket will choke you ; I am sure they will."

At last, however, the straw was pulled from Jones ; and when he saw—as well as he could see, for it was almost dark



—that there was no hobgoblin to eat him up, and that none but friends were around him, he came forth, looking, however, very much as if he had been half eaten at least. As to the girls, they began to laugh and to skip about, as if nothing had been the matter. Nancy Robinson called out, “The rain is over, and the moon is rising in the east.” And sure enough it was. The storm had gone off, the air was calm, and the beautiful full moon, as round and as yellow as an orange, rose above a purple bank of clouds with solemn majesty ; at which Bessy Jones, the sentimental young lady, who had during the



nutting frolic wandered much about by herself after “lady-birds” and “cup-moss,” ventured to ejaculate something about the moon’s refulgent features lighting up the torch of Cynthia,

and administering to the wants of Diana; at which all the party laughed.

So, laughing, they turned their way homewards, but not without their nuts, for every one, with the exception of Jones, however frightened they might have been, took care of their nuts. Jones dropped his when he first heard the voice of the goblin; but when the grand distribution was made, Jones got quite his share. The moon continued to rise, and lit their way through the remaining portion of the forest; and the young people tripped on their "light fantastic toes" with great glee and hilarity. They would not have been without the hobgoblin for the world, nor without the thunder, the rain, or the lightning. The rough is as interesting as the smooth to a well-regulated mind; and here I would ask my young readers a question. If you had it within your power to make your days one smooth, soft, gentle, harmonious, quiet, easy round of enjoyment, would you do so? Would you eat nothing but sugar, and honey, and bonbons? Would you not like a few acids now and then—a bit of sorrel to chew, or a lemon to suck? Would you not like a little seasoning to your very best of dishes, and a little variety? The truth is, that in this world the sour is just as necessary as the sweet; the shade is as necessary as the sun; trial is as necessary as success. Who would have nothing but successes? Who would eat nothing but sugar? Who would be without a hobgoblin to scare him now and then? And so it was that the "rustic set" learned philosophy, without knowing it, by their nutting expedition, which they talked of and laughed

at for many a day. And when years fled away, and giddy youth turned into respectable maturity, and when the cares of life grew up like thorns to choke the sweet flowers of their youth's paradise, the remembrance of these "nutting days" brought back to the mind happy and pleasing recollections, and made the heart—seared and dying as it might be, and hard and hollow as it might have become—green again. And so, my dear children, let us go forward with a bold spirit. Though Enterprise may be the father of Danger, he is a good-hearted old boy notwithstanding; and he will reward us, if we follow him, with lots of "nuts to crack," while, at the same time, he will furnish us with the "crackers."



## The Queen of the May.

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"Come, let us go a-maying ! 'Tis our prime  
Of life, and the best glory of our time ;

We are in our youth's best folly,  
Therefore let us be jolly ;  
Our days are running fast away,  
Therefore let us skip and play,  
And hail the merry month of May.

With flowers and buds, and green leaves, and gay things,  
With every joy and good these happy days will bring,  
While round us everywhere the merry birds shall sing :

' And she shall be our queen  
Who is loveliest in mind, in heart, in soul,  
In modesty and worth, in truth and love.' "

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**I**T was the old custom in England for every one to walk on May-day into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and fragrance of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their hearts. So should it continue, say I, for old customs are like old wine, gladdening to the heart and useful to the constitution.

In various parts of England "May-day" is still celebrated with a kind of merry-making. In one of our English counties, celebrated for its many good things, it is the custom for the villagers to elect a "Queen" for their "May frolic." The "May frolic" consists of a "garland" procession, and a "May pole," with *buckets* of flowers, as Jem calls them. The queen is selected from the "village maidens," and she must be "pretty," modest, of a good character, and not over seventeen years of age; and when she is selected she is put under a canopy of flowers "held up on poles by four of the best and best-looking girls of the place; and then two maidens, attired in white, place a garland of the fairest flowers upon her head, and salute her as "Queen of the May." She is then placed in her chair, and taken up off the ground by means of long poles affixed to each side of her rural throne, and paraded about among friends and neighbours; the "cup bearers" receiving "dole," which is deposited in a bag for the ensuing festival.

In some places, where the "Queen of the May" goes about in this way, the young girls who form a part of the procession repeat pieces or scraps of poetry, and sing little catches of songs; and, what is still more pleasing, these songs consist of a great number of good wishes. They wish you good luck all the year round. They wish the girls good husbands, and the youths good wives. Some they wish all the pleasures of goodness. Others they wish good fortune; and if they see any one who looks "crabbed," they wish him or her a

“good temper,” and lots of the milk of human kindness ; and to some they wish all the joys of eternal life.

To all of these I respond, and wish my young readers all the good, and perhaps more, than they can possibly wish themselves. It is said that “curses” are like young chickens, who go abroad in the morning, but are sure to come *home to roost*. I believe *blessings* and good wishes are like young chickens too. They return to us, and return us ten-fold for all our kind thoughts and intentions. Whether it be so or no, I can only say that I wish good to all my young friends, and that each of my girls, if she be not “Queen of the May”—for all can’t be queens, you know—may still have all the virtues and graces which the “Queen of the May” ought to have ; and in this wish I finish my palaver.



# Sports and Games of England in the Olden Time.

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## HUNTING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

UNTING is as old as the hills. Four thousand years ago we read of Nimrod, who was a mighty hunter before the Lord; and of Adam and Eve, it must be said, that before they could have clothed themselves with the skins of animals, they must have caught them either by hunting or some other means, and of all means hunting is the noblest, far better than your gins, traps, snares, and poisons.

No doubt our forefathers, even when they had nothing to cover them, or when they painted their bodies blue and smeared them with grease, knew a good deal about hunting. The ancient Britons, we are well informed, procured the greater part of their food by hunting. Strabo says, the British dogs are better than any as regards hunting, and there is evidence of the early Britons being "addicted to venison." There were no game laws in those days; wild beasts, birds, and fishes seem to have been the

property of whoever could catch them during the Roman period in Britain.



But when the Saxons came over to England and assumed authority, they began to make laws concerning "game." The great and powerful, wishing always to have the good things of



this world all to themselves, soon found out that there was great excitement and pleasure in the hunting and killing of game, and therefore they, with the connivance of royalty, made laws to prevent common people having this delight; and then the "higher sort" conducted hunting upon a corresponding scale of "puff and nonsense," which is usually called "grandeur and ceremony."

King Alfred, called, not undeservedly, the Great, was very fond of hunting when a boy, as well as of archery, which spoilt his "reading" till he was more than twelve years old; but having had a "book of sports" put before him, he was so pleased with the illuminated pictures which related to this art, that he soon learned his letters, and in a short time read like a clerk.

When Athelstane, grandson of Alfred, had obtained a signal victory over one of the Kings of Wales, he imposed upon him a yearly tribute of gold, silver, and cattle, to which was added a certain number of "hawks" and "sharp-scented dogs," fit for hunting of wild beasts. The next sovereign, Edgar, changed this fine, on condition of receiving annually the skins of three hundred wolves.

Hunting included stag hunting, boar hunting, wolf hunting, otter hunting, and the hunting of several minor beasts, such as hares, rabbits, and the like. John of Salisbury, a writer of the twelfth century, says, "In this time hunting and hawking are reckoned the most honourable of employments, and men think it the height of worldly felicity to spend the whole of their time in these employments. Accordingly they

prepare for them with more care, expense, and parade, than they do for war, and pursue the wild beasts with greater fury than they do the enemies of their country. By constantly following this way of life, they lose much of their humanity, and become nearly as savage as the very brutes they hunt. Husbandmen, with their harmless herds and flocks, are driven from their well-cultivated fields, their meadows, and their pastures, that wild beasts may range in them without interruption" (just as the Scotch nobles are doing now). Then, speaking to his countrymen, he says: "If one of these great and merciless hunters shall pass by your habitation, bring forth hastily all the refreshment you have in your house, that he may devour it, or you shall be involved in treason and in ruin." It is a sad picture of the state of society in the Anglo-Norman times.

The forest laws of this period were as bad. All unqualified persons were subjected to very heavy fines for hunting or disturbing the game. If a gentleman or inferior Thane killed a stag in the royal forests, he was degraded from his rank. If a churl or husbandman committed the same offence, he was reduced to slavery; and if a slave killed one he suffered *death*.

During the Norman period, if we had not "fox-hunting parsons," we had men who were more desirous of emulating Nimrod than either St. Paul or St. Peter, and a law was made which prohibited any priest not possessing a benefice of £10 value annually from keeping dogs for hunting, or from hunting themselves, or from setting traps or snares. The

penalty was one year's imprisonment. However, the higher orders of clergy, the bishops, the deans, the abbots, and such like, took care not to include themselves in these restrictions ; and so they hunted, trapped, kept hounds, killed venison, and ate it with most excellent gusto, the more so from the reflection that sorry priests, clerks, and monks could not do as they did.

The bishops and abbots of this period hunted with great state, having a large train of retainers and servants. In the fourteenth century an abbot of Leicester surpassed all the sportsmen of that time in hare hunting, and the higher orders of the clergy travelled about with their dogs, their coursers, and their sporting gear. When Thomas à Beckett went as ambassador to France in the time of Henry II., he took with him a large train of dogs, of sportsmen, and of hawks. And there was one bishop of the good city of Norwich, who had thirteen parks all stocked with deer belonging to the *see*. What a lucky thing that Mr. Tillot was not born then, or he would certainly have "seen to it."

In the reign of Henry IV. a treatise on hunting was written for the use of Prince Henry, and, perhaps, for that of old Jack Falstaff ; and it gives us an idea as to the mode of hunting in those times. "When the king wished to hunt in the parks or royal forests, the master of the game, or park-keeper, or the forester, was to see that every thing was provided necessary for the purpose. The hunters and officers under the forester were commanded to erect a sufficient number of temporary buildings for the reception of the royal family and their train ; and these buildings were to be covered with green

boughs to shade the royal people from the heat of the sun, and protect them from the weather.

Early in the morning upon the day appointed for the sport, the master of the game, with the officers deputed by him, went to see that the greyhounds were properly placed, and the person nominated to blow the horn, whose office was to watch what kind of game was turned out, and by the manner of winding his horn to signify the same to the company, that they might be prepared for its reception upon quitting the cover. Proper persons were then to be appointed for different parts of the enclosure, to keep the populace at due distance. The yeomen of the king's bow, and the grooms of the tutored greyhounds were charged to secure the king's standing-place and to prevent any noise from being made to disturb the game before the arrival of his majesty. When the royal family and the nobility were conducted to the places reserved for their reception, the master of the game, or his lieutenant, sounded three long notes or blasts with his horn, for the uncoupling of the hounds. The game was then driven from the cover, and turned by the huntsmen of the hounds, so as to pass by the stands belonging to the king and queen, and such of the nobility as were permitted to have a share in the pastime. The game which the king or princesses slew was of course set apart from the other, and the other game was divided in equitable portions.

James I. preferred the amusement of hunting to hawking or shooting. Jamie was terribly afraid of a gun, and of gunpowder ; he never forgot the blowing up of Darnley, his father,

nor the attempt to blow himself up with all his parliament. It has been said of this monarch, that he devoted his time between his inkstand, his bottle, and his hunting; the last had his fair weather, the two former his dull and cloudy. One time, when he was hunting near Bury St. Edmund's, he saw an opulent tradesman, who had joined the chase, very gay in his apparel, and so glittering and radiant that he eclipsed all the Court. The king was desirous of knowing the name of that fair gentleman; and being informed by one of his followers that it was Lamme, he facetiously replied, "Lamb call you him? I know not what kind of lamb he is, but he has got a good fleece on his back." This was a very fine piece of wit for a king, and deserved the encomiums of the great punster, Bayes.

Queen Elizabeth was fond of hunting, and the nobility, who entertained her in her different progresses, made large hunting parties, which she usually joined when the weather was favourable. "Her majesty," says one of the noblemen of the Court, in writing to Sir Herbert Sidney, "is well and exceedingly disposed to hunting, for every second day she is on horseback, and continues the sport long. Elizabeth was at that time fifty-six years old, and was then at her palace of Oatlands." Often, when she was not disposed to enter personally into the chase, she was entertained with a sight of the pastime. At Cowdray, in Sussex, the seat of Lord Montecute in 1591, one day after dinner the queen witnessed from a turret sixteen bucks hunted down by greyhounds.

Old King George the Third was very fond of hunting with

the hounds. The royal stag was, however, turned out with little ceremony, and was followed by the king, his master of the hounds, the royal princes, and the retainers of the court generally. He was not only joined by the gentry and yeomanry of the district, but by all who could find a horse; and butchers and drovers, tinkers and tailors, might often be seen following the royal hounds. The king was very affable, exhibited no pride, rode well, took his tumbles like any other man, and at the end of the chase used frequently to salute "new acquaintances."

On one occasion the royal hounds had been turned out at Salt Hill, and after a rare run to Gerrard's-cross Common, the stag turned, came by the town of Uxbridge, and bounded over Uxbridge Moor, at that time almost a morass. The king was foremost in the hunt, and would go across the place against the advice of his huntsmen;—he was always very obstinate. The consequence was, that the king and several of his attendants found their horses belly deep in a bog, from which they had the greatest difficulty in extricating themselves. One old man, who lived ~~not~~ far from the spot, a very surly old fellow, just as determined and obstinate as the king, knowing the ground, got on a harder part, and offered to take the king off his horse; the king hesitated; but at last the old man—old Jack as he was called—cried out, "Then if your kingship won't unhorse, you ~~may~~ stick till doomsday for what I care." Eventually the king did unhorse, and was carried "pig-a-back" by old Jack to *terra firma*. The next day Jack was sent for to Windsor; the king saw him: "Are you

the man who got me out of the bog?" said the king. "Yes, your honour," said Jack. "Then when you unhorse a king again, don't leave the marks of your nails on his back. Give him a purse, give him a purse." So Jack got ten guineas, and had advice from a king gratis.

Such are some of the doings of hunters in the olden time, my young friends. But perhaps many of you, especially the younger branches, would, instead of hunting bears, wolves, stags, and the like, after all, prefer a good game of hunt the slipper.



## Sports of England in the Olden Time.

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### CURIOUS TRICKS AND TRAININGS OF MEN, DOGS, MONKEYS, COWS, ETC.



HERE is nothing new under the sun, says the proverb; and truly our forefathers stole some of our best ideas—that is to say, some of our best foolish ideas, and one of the most foolish is that of training men and animals to go through surprising feats of agility and danger. What is the feeling that prompts men to run after exhibitions of this kind, it is hard to say. It may be curiosity, a love of the marvellous, or a love of excitement. The late Bishop of Norwich, at his installation, remarked upon the great number of people present. “They would have been much greater, my Lord,” said his mace-bearer, “but for a man being hung this morn-



ing," and, unfortunately, the time for the execution exactly coincided with that for the installation.

However, leaving sage remarks and funny illustrations, there can be no doubt that from the most ancient times there were persons who made it their business to train animals to go through exercises and tricks contrary to their nature and organisation, which is a kind of insult to the Creator, in my view of the case. A dog is not organised to stand upright, any more than a fish is to live on dry land ; yet a poor dog or other animal is to be tortured and trained to do that which is nearly a physical impossibility. Poor dear little children, too, what straining and twisting do their tender bodies undergo to prepare them for their strange and ridiculous performances. It is true, 'tis a pity, and 'tis a pity 'tis true ; but so it is, and I suppose so it will be to the end of time ; " there is a fresh crop of fools every year."

Such things have been done in England from very early periods. I don't know whether there be any record testifying to this fact among the early Britons, but we have some proofs of it from Saxon manuscripts, and there is an illuminated manuscript of the twelfth century, in which there is a representation of an Anglo-Saxon gleeman's bear-dance. The jocolator, i. e., juggler, appears in the front, holding a knotted whip in his hand, and a line attached to a bear in the other ; the animal is lying down, in obedience to the command of the keeper, and behind them are two more figures, the one playing upon two pipes, or flageolets, elevating his left leg while he stands upon his right, and supported by a staff that passes

under his arm-pit; the other dancing in an attitude exceedingly ludicrous. This performance takes place upon an elevated stage, with people standing round it.

Monkeys have been at all times made use of to amuse people, and some of them have indeed been trained to very strange performances. There was a famous one exhibited in Ben Jonson's time, which, to use the words of one of the writers who spoke of him, "could do everything but speak." This monkey was of a small brown variety, and he appeared in different costumes, varying his performance in the most perfect agreement with them. At one time he personated a sailor, and after hauling ropes, hoisting the standard, and other tricks, ended by dancing a hornpipe in true British style. As a soldier, he went through a drill with his musket, and ended by firing it off; he could, however, never be taught to load it, and always did this last feat with great repugnance, as if he had been a staunch member of the Peace Society. He then sat down with two other monkeys, smoked his pipe, and got tipsy, or pretended to be so, rolling about the stage in a "state" such as temperance people very much abhor.

Horses have been always subjects upon which jugglers exercise their art. It is said that the people of Sybaris, a town in Calabria, were proverbial for their effeminacy, and that they taught their horses to dance to the music of the pipe, for which reason their enemies, the Crotonians, at a time when they were at war with them, brought a great number of pipers into the field, and, at the commencement of the battle,

these began to play upon their pipes. The Sybarian horses, hearing the sound of the music, began to dance; and their riders, unable to manage them as they ought to have done, were thrown into confusion, and defeated with immense slaughter.

There is mention made of a horse exhibited by some joculars in England in the thirteenth century, who was taught to dance upon a rope; and oxen were rendered so docile as to ride upon horses, holding trumpets to their mouths, as though they were sounding them. In many ancient manuscripts these doings are set forth. In one of them the horse is reared on his hind feet, and is playing on a tabor with his fore feet. In the other he is reared upon his fore feet, and kicking with his hind feet at a tabor held in the hand of the jocator.

The degree of art necessary to teach horses such tricks equals anything of the present day. We find that horses who are taught to lie down, to lick the rider's hand, to suffer a tablecloth with provisions for dinner to be placed on their sides, and other farcical tricks, are not of more merit than the following. In the Harleian library is preserved a handbill published in the reign of Queen Anne, to the following effect:—"To be seen at the Ship, on Great Tower Hill, the finest taught Horse in the world. He fetches and carries like a spaniel dog. If you hide a glove, a door-key, or even such a small thing as a silver twopence, he will seek about the room till he has found it, and then bring it to his master. He will also tell the number of spots on a card, give any one's age,

inform young women of their sweethearts, and detect the little boy who stole the tarts. He will also leap through a hoop of fire with a jug of water on his head, without spilling a drop." So much for old English ways of horse-taming. Mr. Rarey is, however, a great deal more sensible in his doings, and in him we beat our forefathers.

Dancing dogs had a fair share of this questionable degree of education. At the beginning of the last century a company of dancing-dogs appeared at Southwark fair. The announcement of the bill states that "the ball of little dogs was well worthy of patronage; that the dogs came from Louvain, and perform, by their cunning tricks, wonders in the art of dancing. You shall see two of them dance the Minuet de la Cœur with the most profound grace and stateliness. You shall also see one of them, named Marquess of Gaillerdain, whose dexterity is not to be compared. He dances with Madame Poncetti, his mistress, and with various other ladies of the company, all of whom observing so well the step and cadence as to amaze everybody. They also play hunt-the-slipper with a batch of cats, and leap-frog one with another." These dogs and cats had the honour of a presentation to Queen Anne, who was very much delighted with them, and rewarded the jugglers; at the same time she suffered men of the highest talent and fame in literature to starve !

You have all read of the poet, Cowper, and what interest he took in the training of that most timid of animals, the hare. Both before and since his time hares have been brought under



requisition for exhibitions of this kind. There is a manuscript more than four hundred years old, which I saw at the British Museum, in which a hare is represented standing on its hind legs holding a tabor (tambourine) in its right fore-paw, and a stick in its left, with which the tabor is beaten, and no doubt discoursing excellent music. In another part of the manuscript the hare is seen riding on a dog's back. In the same manuscript is also to be seen the representation of a "cock on stilts," engaged in a duel with another "cock on stilts." To subdue the proud spirit of a cock, and force him to mount on stilts, must have been a feat equal to anything of our times, except that of making a poor labourer keep himself, wife, and family of seven children, on nine shillings a-week !

Of course everybody has heard of pigs called learned. I have more than once told stories of pigs that were funny ; but few modern pigs are equal to the following, described by old Philip Quarles two hundred years ago :—"To be seen, a wonderful and learned *Samian* Pig (not Samian sage), who reads and writes, plays at draughts, can count money, play on a gridiron, blow a pair of bellows, sing a solo, join in chorus with his master ; and will, at the conclusion of his wonderful performance, suffer himself to be roasted alive before a slow fire. Must be seen to be believed."

I should think so. A live roasted pig would be a sight for even modern science.

That most ill-used, libelled, and abused of all animals, the "ass," has come in for his share of training in all ages. His obstinacy, his self-will, his determination to go back when

you want him to go forward, his insensibility to kick or cuff, stick, whip, or cudgel, makes it a glory, no doubt, to teach him wonderful things. Accordingly, he has been often exhibited as a wonder. In the time of Charles II., the wonderful sagacity of an ass is advertised as exhibiting an approach to *human reason* never before ascertained:—"The renowned Jerusalem pony Dumbeskin, the philosopher of the asinine fraternity, will exhibit his wonderful powers of thought, memory, and reason, at the Bear Garden, in Southwark, every other day, at twelve o'clock. He will cast nativities, calculate future events, exhibit the cardinal virtues, tell the fortunes of any persons present by cards; he will also play dominoes, and show surprising feats of agility. He will dance on a tight-rope, and swing on a slack one, mount a ladder supported only by himself, and, lastly, refuse oats when offered to him."

This ass was a philosopher, and must have had great command over himself to refuse oats. It has been asked, "Why does a donkey prefer thistles to hay?" and the answer is, "Because he is an ass." Why does an ass refuse oats? Because he is a philosopher, I suppose.

One of the most remarkable exhibitions of past years took place in the vicinity of the Mall, about a hundred years ago, and of which Strutt has given us an account. A number of little birds, to the amount of twelve or fourteen, being taken from different cages, were placed upon the table in the presence of the spectators, and there they formed themselves into ranks, like a company of soldiers. Small cones of paper, bearing some resemblance to grenadiers' caps, were put upon

their heads, and little imitation muskets made of wood were secured under their left wings. Thus equipped they marched to and fro several times, after which a single bird was brought forward, supposed to be a deserter, and set between six of the musketeers, three in a row, who conducted him from the top to the bottom of the table, in the middle of which a small brass cannon, charged with a little gunpowder, had been previously placed, and the deserter was stationed in the front of the cannon. His guards then divided, three retiring on one side and three on the other, and he was left standing by himself. Another bird was immediately produced, and a lighted match being put into one of his claws, he hopped boldly on the other to the end of the cannon, and, applying his match to the priming, discharged his piece without the least appearance of fear or agitation. The moment the explosion took place the deserter fell down, and lay apparently motionless, like a dead bird; but at the command of his tutor he rose again, and the cages being brought, the feathered soldiers were stripped of their ornaments and returned to their cages in perfect order.

It is only a few years ago that a lady, said to be a French Countess, made her appearance in this country with a number of trained birds (canaries), which she exhibited to our beloved Queen and the good Prince Consort, and afterwards to several circles of the nobility. Tickets were also sent to certain literary gentlemen, and I went with my friend Mr. Mitford to see the exhibition. It was truly wonderful. The young lady herself was very handsome in person and elegant in



manners, and she seemed to have the most perfect control over her little family, for so they appeared. She placed three packs of cards together in a kind of holder, and asked any of the company to call for a card, or to name one. One of the little birds then came, and after hopping round the pack with his consideration cap on, as it seemed, at last, after a little hesitation, drew out the card named. The lady asked me to tell her my age, which I did—of course she took me to be a much older man than I am ; but the little bird drew out two cards, which represented my age exactly. The birds went through many other wonderful feats, such as I never saw before, and perhaps shall never see again.

I shall say no more about the training of animals, except to repeat my regret at the existence of the silly, gaping wonder which fills the pockets of the trainers of goats, dogs, monkeys, and other animals of the present day. That it is inconsistent with the dignity of man, cannot be doubted ; and it seems a pity that those who devote themselves to the training of the infant mind should, up to the present time, be looked upon in an inferior light, while the mountebank trainers of monkeys, cats, and such things, receive the applause of the aristocracy and the rich. Nor should we forget that, although the tricks of these poor animals may be pleasing to us, it is misery to them, and many are the cuffs, blows, and privations they endure to make them appear what they are not, *i. e.*, reasoning and reflecting creatures.

How much prettier and joyful it is to see little children brought up to love and pet animals. One of the prettiest

sights I ever saw was in Richmond Park. In my saunterings among its quiet dells, which few persons find out, I once came upon a group of children feeding and playing with the deer. Here is a picture of them; and may all my readers be as happy as they are.

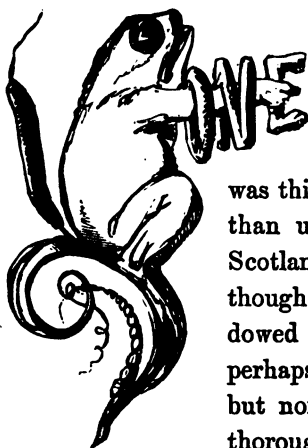


# Funny Things about Sprites,

AND

## SOMETHING ABOUT THE FAIRIES.

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OF the most pleasing parts of superstition which belonged to the "olden" time was their belief in *fairies*; and in no part of the world was this belief more fondly cherished than upon the western borders of Scotland. The idea of a diminutive though elegant race of beings endowed with supernatural gifts is, perhaps, common to most nations, but none have arrayed them in so thoroughly an animated and joyous spirit as the dwellers of that land of romance and chivalry.

Deprived of all cruel and malignant tempers, they seemed to delight in friendly deeds and in pleasing interviews with their neighbours; they lived a happy life, as all ought to do who endeavour to make others happy as themselves. Arrayed in green, they assembled under the beams of the midnight moon, on the side of some fine sloping lawn—like our abbey lawn—on the banks of some sweet little rivulet, or in the enchanted seclusion of some woody-girdled dell—like our Ufford Thicket;—while to mystic strains they bounded in the dance, or passed the moments in sportive merriment and song. Their little coursers (for being happy sprites they could not be happy without horses) are represented as being decked out in gorgeous trappings—fine silver bells suspended from each band of the plaited mane, which rang with every breath of wind, making the most enchanting harmony as they rode in procession to their nocturnal haunts. They were always of exquisite proportions, and beautiful in the extreme. Their ringlets of yellow hair floated over their shoulders, and were bound over their brows with combs of the purest gold. Their dress consisted chiefly of a mantle of green silk, inlaid with eider down, and bound round the waist with a garland of wild flowers. Green *trews* (trousers), buttoned with blobs of gems, and silver sandals, formed the under part of their dress; over their shoulders hung quivers of the adder's skin, stored with arrows tipped in flame. A gold bow, slung negligently over the left arm, and little scimitars of the same metal glistened at their sides. The dress and appearance of these tiny revellers is finely portrayed in the following beautiful stanzas :—

Tiny their stature, tiny each feature,  
Yet are they graceful and fair;  
Their eyes sparkle bright as diamonds at night,  
And a strange lustre darts through their hair.

Little bells of heath form the simple wreath  
That round their shoulders twines,  
And a thread of light is the girdle bright,  
That their flowing robe confines.

All sparkled with dew, that robe of green hue,—  
It was wove in the gossamer's loom;  
Their purple wings shine, of net-work as fine,  
In the moonbeams, distilling perfume.

With gold hair is slung, with gold hair is hung,  
O'er their left arms a golden bow;  
And a shaft tipt with green of a dazzling sheen,  
In a gold quiver hangs below.

Thus accoutred, they mounted on steeds fleetier than the wind, whose hoofs of viewless print would not dash the dew from the king-cup, or bend the stalk of the tenderest fern. Attached to particular spots, which had been held as sacred in the annals of fairy-land, they never exchanged them for others, unless disturbed by the encroachments of mortal habitations, or torn up by the all-devastating ploughshare.

Generally speaking, the pigmy-world may be divided into four classes :—

1. The white, or good fairies, who live above ground, dancing on the grass (as has been described), or sitting on the leaves of trees—the fairies of the poets.

2. The dark, or underground fairies—the dwarfs, trolchs, and hell-folk of the continent—are veritable wee workers in

mines and smithies, and doing *good* or *evil* offices as it may happen.

3. The house or ~~homestead~~ fairy—such as Puck, Robin Goodfellow, the Nix of Denmark and Norway, the Cobbold of Germany, the Brownie of Scotland, and Tomtegubbe, or old man of the house, in Sweden.

4. The fourth class comprises the water-fairy, the Kelpie of Scotland, and Nix of other countries, already adverted to. This is the most dangerous of all, appearing like a horse, or a mermaid, or a beautiful girl, and sometimes enticing people to their destruction.

The word *fairy*, in the sense of a little man, a lone being, is peculiar to this country, and is, as has been already described, the German Cobbold or house-goblin, delighting in doing good, like our Cobbolds. The ~~Fignies~~ were supposed by the ancients to people the two ends of the earth, north and south, where the growth of nature is faint and stunted. Of the English fairies we have the following, from a very old poem. It is a song of the Queen of the Fairies (a little modernized) :—

#### SONG.

Come follow, follow me,  
 You fairy elves that be,  
 And circle round the green ;  
 Come, follow me your Queen.  
 Hand and hand let's dance around,  
 For this place is faerie ground.



When mortals are at rest,  
And snoring in their nest,  
Unheard or unespied,  
Through key-holes we do glide :  
    Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
    We trip it with our faerie elves.

And if the house be foule  
Of platter, dish, or bowle,  
Up-stairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the sluts asleep ;  
    Then we pinch their arms and thighs.  
    None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,  
And from uncleanness kept,  
We praise the house and maide,  
And surely she is paid ;  
    For we do use before we go  
    To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon the mushroom's head,  
Our table-cloth we spread ;  
A grain of finest wheat  
To munch is what we eat.  
    The pearly drops of dew we drink,  
    In acorn cup filled to the brinke.

The tongues of nightingales,  
With slimy juice of snails,  
Betwixt two nut-shells stewed,  
Is meat that's soonest chewed ;  
    The brains of rennes and of mice,  
    Will make a feast of wondrous price.

Over the tender grasse,  
So lightly we can passe,



The young and tender stalke  
Ne'er bows whereon we walke,  
Nor in the morning's dew is seen,  
Overnight where we have been.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
Serve for our minstrels three,  
And sweetly dance awhile,  
Till we the time beguile ;  
And when the moon calf hides her head,  
The glow-worm lights us into bed.

Of course "tales" about fairies are far more common than "songs" about them. The following fairy tale has been communicated to me by a friend.

During the great dearth at the commencement of the last century, an honest farmer, in the parish of Douglas, who had been reduced by the badness of the seasons from *business* to poverty, was about to return home one morning from the fields in despair, having sown what little seed he had, which was not nearly so much as the ploughed land required. While pondering, not knowing what to do, he imagined he heard a voice behind him saying—

"Tak'—and gie  
As gude to me."

He turned round, and perceived a large sack standing at the end of the field, which, when he had opened, he found to be full of the most excellent seed-oats. Without hesitation he sowed them : the "up-spring" was admirable, and the harvest

luxuriant. The farmer, a wise and prudent man, carefully preserved the sack, and as soon as possible filled it full of the best grain that his field produced, and set it down on the spot where he had received the fairy oats. A voice called out to him—

“Turn round your back,  
While I get my sack.”

The farmer averted his face, and then he immediately looked round, but sack and corn were gone. Things ever after prospered with him, for, according to the popular law,

“Meddle and mell  
Wi’ the fiens’s spell,  
An’ a weirdless wicht ye’ll be;  
But tak’ and len’  
Wi’ the fairy men,  
Ye’ll thrive ay whill ye dee.”

In the same dearth, and in the same parish, an old woman who was nearly famishing for hunger, having tasted no food for two or three days, was one morning astonished to find her *bigonet*, a kind of bag which she had hung upon her bed-side, full of oatmeal. This seasonable supply she attributed to some of her benevolent neighbours, who, she imagined, had been wishing to give her some little surprise. Notwithstanding, however, the care with which she husbanded her meal, it by and by was expended, and she was again almost reduced to starvation. After passing another day without her food, her *bigonet* was again replenished, which was

regularly done whenever her supply was exhausted, always allowing her to remain one day without food.

Her *bigonet* was filled so regularly, that at last the old woman became secure, and presumed upon the generosity of her invisible supporter. She one day baked the whole of her supply into cakes, and having by some means procured a little butcher's meat, she invited her gossips to a treat. The cakes were lying spread on Nannie's table, and the guests were just going to fall to, when, to their utter astonishment, they beheld the cakes of their own accord turn upside down, and every one of them became a large withered *kail-blade*. At the same time a voice as loud as thunder uttered these words to the terrified Nannie—

“Never more  
O' mine ye's share ;  
But want and woe  
Till your deein' day !”

The guests fled from the house as fast as possible, and Nannie became a poor deaf and blind object, driven by poverty to beg from door to door.

Another story has been given to me by an Irish gentleman. It is of one Bill Doody, the holder of a small farm in the Killarney district, where fairies are abundant. Bill's rent was just falling due ; he had not the means of paying it, for things had gone cross with him ; and yet the “agent” had threatened to drive him out of his farm, and “cant every ha'porth” he had, that is, sell his goods and chattels if he did not pay in

the proper time. In deep despair, wondering what in the wide world would become of Judy and the grawls (children), Bill sat down on the uncomfortable sharp end of a rock by the side of Killarney to bewail the hardness of his flinty fate. He tried to pour forth as plaintive a strain as a nightingale, by trying a tune; but his voice rather resembled that of a Dutch nightingale, that is, a "bull marsh-frog." He bewailed himself with great energy, nevertheless, and thought of the fairies, and wished they would come and help him. Now Bill had been a jolly sort of fellow in his way, and it was a perfect miracle to find him without whisky; but one day a poor, half-starved-looking mendicant came to his door and begged a cup of water. Bill, in the full generosity of his heart, gave him a horn of whisky which almost took his breath away, and the beggar went away rubbing his stomach, and muttering blessings upon the good heart that bated inside Billy's red waistcoat.

Well, Billy was seated, as I said, on the sharp end of a rock that commanded a fine view over the Lake of Killarney; and just as he was so sitting he thought he saw coming up from the lake the very same beggar to whom he had given the whisky. He knew him well, for he was lame of a leg, blind of an eye, and had lost his nose. "By the powers," said Billy, as he saw the mendicant approach, "I've no whisky for you now; I'm sown up in a bullock's hide, and shall be squeezed to death by my agent, bad luck to him." And so Bill told the beggar the whole story of his distress, and lamented sorely that he had not got a barrel of whisky in the shed. Just as

he spoke, however, he heard a thundering noise overhead, and from the rocks above a keg of whisky came rolling as nate as anything. It stopped when it got to the feet of Bill, who soon started the bung with his shillelah, and the two got exceedingly merry with the whisky, till at last the mendicant threw a purse of gold into Bill's old hat, and parted company in the twinkling of an eye. As he "bolted" he called out, "Pay the fellow his rent, and I will take care it shall do him no good." These words were lost upon Bill, who was insensible to anything but the sight of the gold. He looked around in vain for his benefactor, then he looked at the gold, and at last "pocketed the affront," as he said, and buttoned it up also.

Next day Bill Doody went to pay his rent, and being mighty independent with his money had a sharp skirmish with his agent about taking off his hat; the agent asking him if he knew to whom he was talking; to which Billy replied by observing that he was talking to another man's flunkey. "Do you know, sir," said Mr. Agent, with his face of a pickled-cabbage hue, "that my grandfather was a lord?" "By Jabez then," said Billy, "if I had chosen a grandfather I would have had an 'emperor,'" all the while keeping his hat as firmly on his head as a quaker. He threw down the gold; the agent was glad to get it, and having counted it over gave Bill a receipt for it, with which Bill Doody strutted off as "proud as a cat of her whiskers." Shortly afterwards the agent, going to his desk, was confounded at beholding a heap of gingerbread cakes in the place where he had deposited the

“yellow boys.” He raved, and declared they were real gingerbread cakes, marked with the king’s head, and Bill Doody had the receipt in his pocket. It was a fairy’s fairing, and the agent determined, much to his credit, to keep the secret, as a still tongue makes a Y Z.



# Sports and Games of England in the Olden Time.

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## BOWS AND ARROWS, BALLS, AND OTHER SPORTS.

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BOW is a very ancient weapon indeed, for in the most ancient monuments that have ever been discovered we find a representation of it. On the Assyrian, Egyptian, Persian, Greek, and Roman monuments we find it engraved. However, archery, as a "study proper," does not seem to have been introduced before the time of William the Conqueror, and it appears to have gradually extended until the reign of Edward III., when an order was issued to the sheriffs of most of the English counties

for providing five hundred white bows, and five hundred bundles of arrows for the then intended war against France. We had no volunteers then, but the French never dared to come; they were afraid of our bows and arrows, as they now will be of our rifles.

Those who have read English history well know that at the famous battle of Cressy the English bow did good service. But you must know that there are two kinds of bows, the long-



bow, and the cross-bow, or arbalest, and their relative merits were tested by the following circumstance:—Previously to the engagement there fell a heavy shower of rain, which is said to have much damaged the cross-bows of the French, or perhaps the strings of them. Now the long-bow when unstrung may be very conveniently covered, so as to prevent



the rain from injuring it by relaxing the string, whereas the cross-bow from its very construction repels the idea of a case.

The form of the long-bow is familiar to every boy, but a cross-bow such as our forefathers used requires a little description. The cross-bow was much shorter than the long-bow, and was fastened upon a stock or handle, and discharged by means of a catch or trigger, which probably gave rise to the lock upon the modern musket—which is now one of the by-gones.

In the battles in which the English were engaged, sometimes against the French, and at other times against the Scotch, for so many centuries, the long-bow was the most valued of all the English arms. In the sanguinary battle fought between the English and the Scotch at Homilden, in 1402, the men at arms scarcely struck a blow, but were mere spectators of the valour and victory of the archers. The Earl of Douglas, who commanded the Scottish army in that action, enraged at seeing his men falling thick around him by showers of arrows, and trusting to the goodness of his armour, which had been three years making, accompanied by about eighty lords, knights, and gentlemen in complete armour, rushed forward and attacked the English archers sword in hand: but he had soon reason to repent his rashness. The English arrows were so sharp and strong, and discharged with so much force, that no armour could repel them. The Earl of Douglas, after receiving five wounds, was made prisoner, and all his brave companions were either killed or taken.

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In the reign of Edward IV. an act passed, that every Englishman and Irishman shall have an English bow of his own height, which is directed to be made of yew, wych, hazel, ash or awburn, or any other seasonable tree, according to their power. In the reign of Henry VIII., an act of parliament obliged every man to exercise shooting with the long-bow, and also to keep a bow with arrows continually in his house. Fathers and guardians were commanded to teach the male children the use of the long-bow, and to have at all times bows provided for them, as soon as they arrived at the age of seven years ; and masters were ordered to find bows for their apprentices, and to compel them to learn to shoot with them at holidays and other convenient times.

Henry VIII. having appointed a great match of archery at Windsor, a citizen of London, named Barlow, an inhabitant of Shoreditch, joined the archers, and excelled them all. The king was so pleased with his performance that he gave him in jest the title of "Duke of Shoreditch," and this title the captain of the London archers retained for a long while afterwards. In 1588, in the reign of good Queen Bess, a grand shooting match was held in London, and the captain of the archers, assuming the title of Duke of Shoreditch, summoned a suite or retinue of mock nobility under the titles of Marquis of Islington, Earl of Clerkenwell, Baron of Hoxton, and Duke of Pancras. May we in the well-formed rifles have our Duke of Melton, Marquis of Ufford, Earl of Martlesham, Viscount Bredfield, and Lords Grundesburg, Alderton, and Shottisham.

The aforesaid grand muster of nominal nobility, meeting

together at the appointed time with their several companies, proceeded in a pompous march from Merchant Tailors' Hall, in number about three thousand. There were two magnificent buglers, almost equal to our own "Allen," while 942 of the archers had chains of pure gold about their necks. This splendid company was guarded by 4000 whiffers and billmen. They passed through Broad Street, the residence of their captain, whose name is not given, but it might have been William de Martin, and thence into their fields in the neighbourhood of Finsbury, where, having performed several evolutions, they shot at a target.

That the old English archers were good shots none can deny; that our rifle volunteers may be so none can doubt. We all glory in the deeds of bold Robin Hood, and his merry men all clad in Lincoln green. The butts or targets set up by the king's archers were censured by the bold Cloudsley as being too *large* for any one but a learner to shoot at. He, therefore, set up two hazel rods at 400 yards distance from each other. Standing at one he shot at the other, and cleft it in two. The king, being much surprised at this performance, told him he was the best archer he ever saw. Cloudsley, to show that his skill was not yet sufficiently known, proposed to exhibit a more astonishing proof of it. He bound his eldest son, who was only seven years old, to a stake, and placed an apple on his head. He then turned the child's face from him that he might not be intimidated by seeing the arrow directed toward him, and charged him not to move. Six score paces were measured from the stake; Cloudsley took his station, and

Then drew out a fayre brode arrowe,  
Hys bow was great and longe.  
He set that arrowe in his bowe,  
That was both styffe and stronge.  
Then Cloudsley cleft the apple in two,  
As many a man might se.  
Our Gods forbode, sayde the kynge,  
That thou sholde shote at me.

Archery, which had been gradually dying away, was revived a few years ago, by a number of our English ladies and gentlemen. Let us hope that, instead of devoting so much time to this amusement, they will help on the Volunteer movement, and that our "Rifles" will surpass the old English bowmen.

#### BALL PLAY.

There are few exercises more delightful and invigorating than games played with ball in the open air. It is exhilarating to see the noble game of "Foot Ball" played at Hanwell College. Every muscle is exerted in the sport; the eye is accurately directed to a particular spot, and the attention of all the players is fully aroused. Unlike many other games, it is seldom that wrangling or churlish feelings are engendered by the course of the sport, and there can be no doubt that the physical powers are strengthened by the exercise, while a spirit of emulation of "give and take" is kept up to the advantage of all concerned.

Ball games among our boy great great great great grand-

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fathers were more numerous than they are now. Besides "catch ball," and "palm ball," which we now have, our old juveniles had then "Balloon ball," then "Stool ball," then "Goff," or "Pall-mall," and then "Ring ball."

"BALLOON BALL" consisted of a large ball of leather filled with air, which was struck about by a bracer of wood over bounds and back again for a certain number of times, between two parties; the victors being those who had got over the bounds the oftenest within a given period.

STOOL BALL was practised much in the northern parts of England. It consisted in simply setting a stool upon the ground, and one of the players taking his place before it, while his antagonist, standing at a distance, tossed the ball with the intention of striking the stool, and this it was the business of the former to prevent, by beating it away with the hand, reckoning one for the game to every stroke of the ball. If, on the contrary, it should be missed by the hand and touch the stool, the players changed places. "I believe the same also happens," says Strutt, "if the person who threw the ball can catch and retain it, when driven back before it reaches the ground." The conqueror at this game was he who struck the ball most times before it reached the stool.

TRAP BALL as formerly played differed from the plan pursued in the present day. The trap was on an elevated stand of three feet in height, being nothing more than a

wooden spoon placed on a hinge and working in a kind of wooden fork. There seems to be this advantage in the old method, that the player need not stoop to strike the trap.

**Goff.**—This game was usually performed with a straight bat made of ash, about four feet six inches in length, and curved at the bottom. The ball was small but exceedingly hard. There were generally two players, each of which had his bat and ball. The game consisted in driving the ball into certain holes made in the ground; he who achieved this the soonest, or in the smallest number of strokes, obtained the victory.

**Pall-Mall.**—This was a game very fashionable and popular, and from the playing of which near the parks Pall-Mall derives its name. In it a ball was struck by a mallet through a high arch of iron, and the game was won by the player who could do it with the fewest blows. Charles II. and his court were in the habit of indulging in this sport in the place above alluded to, the name of which was, like that of the game, originally Pall-Maille.

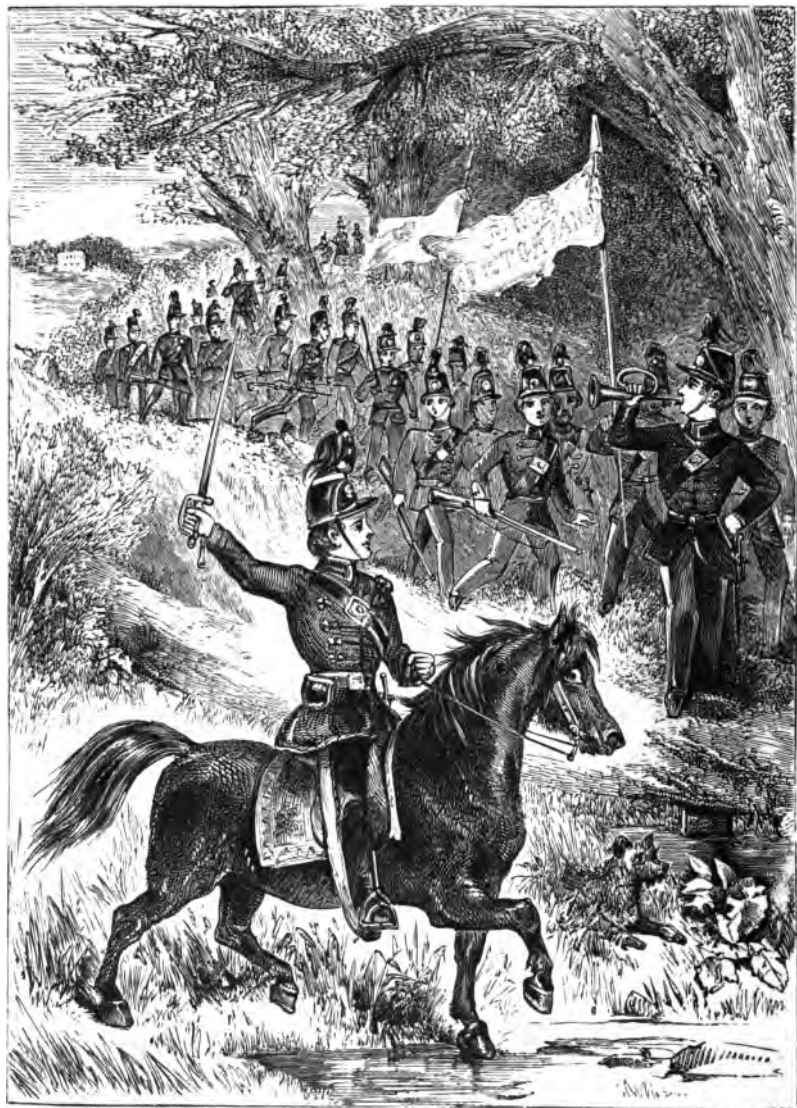
**Ring Ball.**—This game was played as follows. A long alley or playground was made, and a ring fastened into the earth at equal distances from the sides of the alley. The ring was made to turn easily upon a swivel, and the two flat sides were distinguished from each other. If the ball passed through the one it was said to be *lawful*, and the player went on,—but if through the other it was *unlawful*, and he was

obliged to beat the ball back until such time as he caused it to pass to the lawful side. This done he proceeded to the bottom of the ground, where there was an arch of iron, through which it was necessary for the ball to be passed. He who executed his task with the smallest number of blows to the ball won the game.









## Boy Volunteers,

AND WHAT THEY DID AT HANWELL COLLEGE, AND IN THE  
WAR OF SWITZERLAND.



Grand Review of the Volunteers in Hyde Park was indeed a glorious sight. It gladdened many eyes, and warmed many a heart, and inspired many a mind with a patriotic love of our beloved country and no less

beloved Queen. Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort was not more to be lauded and admired than Victoria in Hyde Park on the 23rd of June, 1860. Long may this loyal feeling exist in the hearts of her subjects!

It is most gratifying still further to observe that the "Boys," as well as the men, are beginning to take up the Volunteer movement,

and that Westminster and Eton, and Harrow and Hanwell, are mustering their forces. Every boy now longs to be a "Spartan," and to emulate the noble deeds of the heroic ages; and from what I saw at the last-named place, the other day, I should say that Spartans will be as plentiful as blackberries by the time the blackberries come in, and heroes will be counted, as hob-nails are, by the hundred.

I will tell you why I think so. I went to Hanwell to see the Volunteer Company of Students, and a very efficient set of fellows they are. There are sixty or seventy of them, with their captains, lieutenants, ensigns, and subaltern officers, under the drill of a very efficient sergeant of the line; and it was with pleasure that I beheld them go through their "manœuvres," which they did in a manner highly creditable to themselves. They went through their "extension movements," and "dressings," "facings," "marchings," "double marchings," "marching in line," "wheeling," and the like, and might have competed even with the best-drilled companies in the kingdom.

Prince Charles Louis, son of the unfortunate Louis XVI., was convinced of the use that might be made of a regiment of boy-volunteers. He raised one when he was only eight years old, and it was named after him, and called the Regiment du Dauphin. It was composed of boys between the ages of ten and fourteen, who went through all the evolutions of a regular regiment, and it is said that some of these boys so distinguished themselves as to be considered the best shots in the kingdom.





It is good for "Hanwell" to have been one of the first to set the example of school and college volunteers; and it is to be hoped the Hanwellian plan will be followed by most other schools in the kingdom. Why should not "military drill" form a part of the education of every boy? Boys have done great things in their way. It was during the struggle for independence between the heroic Swiss and the tyrannical Austrians, that "Theodore Strauten," a youth of seventeen, with an energy which has never been surpassed, raised a regiment of sharp-shooters three hundred strong, composed entirely of boys between the ages of twelve and seventeen. These boy-volunteers were well drilled, trained, and appointed, and took their position by the side of the other noble defenders of their country in 1759, when the Austrian power determined to reduce them to slavery.

The Austrian army, upwards of fifty thousand strong, was advancing through the passes of the Alps, spreading ruin and devastation on every side. Villages and towns were blazing, thousands were dying of famine, and wives, mothers, and children were exposed to all the fury of the vile and ruthless soldiery. The Swiss had formed themselves into organised bands of volunteers, relying almost entirely on the use of the rifle wherewith to repel their cruel and powerful foe. It was on the 29th of September that no less than five detachments of the Austrian forces poured like streams of poison through the ravines, rocks, and defiles of the Alps, with a view to the utter extermination of the Swiss nation. But they were bravely met. The sharp-shooters attacked them from the tops

of the hills, the clefts of the rocks, the coverts of the heather, and every place of vantage, and the Austrian blood dyed deeply every mountain stream. On one particular occasion a brave battalion of the Swiss were driven upon an open plateau, and speedily surrounded by the Austrian forces, and a terrific slaughter commenced. The Swiss fought, as usually they did, with the utmost bravery; but they were outnumbered by seven to one of their foes, who kept pressing upon them from every point. Their ruin would have been certain, but at the critical moment young Theodore brought up unexpectedly his "Boy Volunteers." From a hundred points at once they opened a deadly fire. The Austrians fell by scores; they were for a moment paralyzed—then they wavered—then they were seized by a panic—the Swiss turned upon them—the boy-volunteers redoubled their fire—and then it was that the Austrians fled in confusion. They were followed by a rush from all sides, and were "knocked over" by thousands headlong from rock to rock, their dead bodies blocking up the mountain torrents, which seemed to run blood.

This "boy movement" is no fable in the history of the struggles of the Swiss for their independence; and should ever this country be attacked by the foe, let us hope that every one, whether man or boy, will turn out to do their country service. "Children in arms" there will always be, no doubt, but without them we shall have men and boys with "arms in their hands," ever ready to repel the invader; and the school volunteer movement will do a great deal in the service—for in

a few years *boys* will be turned into *men*, and men, let us hope, into *heroes*—should there ever be an occasion for the display of their prowess, which I trust there never will be; for, after all, there is nothing like peace and quietness, brotherly love, and neighbourly affection.





## England in the Olden Time.

### THE NOBLE GAME OF FALCONRY.

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**I**N our English days falconry, or hawking, was called one of the first delights and pleasures of all noblemen and gentlemen, and true it is that persons of high rank rarely appeared without their dogs and their hawks when abroad, and even took their hawks with them when they went to battle. Nay, they even brought them into the church, and there disported themselves, as it were, in state, and often to the confusion of the Church.

Knights, ladies, kings, queens, princes, aye, and emperors, indeed every important person, was fond of hawking. And there was no out-door amusement in which the fair sex joined to so great an extent as hawking. They not only accompanied gentlemen to the sport, but often practised it by themselves. Hawking was forbidden to the clergy as a vain and profitless amusement; but, nevertheless, the old abbots and the higher dignitaries did as they wist, while the poor clerks

and monks, when they went astray, paid the penalties, on the principle that one man may steal a sheep, while the other may not look over the hedge.

Many of our English kings were very fond of this sport. Edward III., according to Froissart, had with him in his army, when he invaded France, thirty falconers on horseback, who had charge of his hawks, and every day he either hunted or hawked, as his fancy led him. In France there was an officer called the Grand Falconer, as there still is in England, who was a person of much importance. His annual salary was four thousand florins. He was attended by fifty gentlemen and fifty attendant falconers. He was allowed to keep three hundred hawks. He licensed every vendor of hawks in the kingdom, and received a tax on every bird sold. When the king of France rode out on public occasions, the Grand Falconer attended him.

Of course hawks were in those days valued at a high price. At the commencement of the seventeenth century a goshawk and tassel hawk were sold for one hundred marks, which were equal to a hundred and fifty pounds in our days. In the eighth year of Edward III. the king of Scotland sent him a falcon as a present, which he not only most graciously received, but rewarded the falconer who brought it with a donation of forty shillings—a proof of the high value of the bird.

The manner in which hawking was indulged in was either on horseback or on foot, as occasion required—on horseback when in the open fields or open country, and on foot when in

woods and forests. In following the hawk on foot, it was usual for the sportsman to have a stout pole with him, to



assist him in leaping over little rivulets and ditches, which might otherwise retard his progress. And thus we learn

from an historical fact related by Hall, that Henry VIII. pursuing his hawk on foot at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, attempted, with the assistance of his pole, to jump over a ditch which was half full of muddy water. The pole broke, as well it might, with the weight of the fat king, who fell with his head into the mud, where he would have been stifled, had not a footman, who was near at hand, leaped into the ditch, and released his majesty from his perilous situation.

The training of a hawk is a remarkable exercise of perseverance, as the bird is not by nature a trainable bird, its natural habits being for freedom. Hawks are sometimes taken from the nest, and at other times captured in a half-grown state, and then disciplined. The objects which the falconer has in view are,—to accustom the bird to settle on his fist—to spring when he throws him off—to know his voice—the whistling, the singing, or any other signal from the falconer—and to return when called. At first they are tied with a string about thirty fathoms in length, to prevent them from flying away, from which they are not released till they are completely disciplined, and return at the proper call or signal. For this purpose they must be *lured*. The lure is a piece of red stuff or wool, on which are fixed a bill, talons, and wings. To this is also fastened a piece of flesh, on which the bird feeds, and the lure is thrown out to him. When the trainer intends to reclaim or recall the bird, the sight of food brings him back, and in time the voice will be sufficient.

When the falconers accustom the hawk to fly at a kite, a

heron, or a pigeon, they change the feathers, &c. of the lure to that of the game to which he is to be devoted. When this is a kite, they fix the bill and feathers of that bird to the lure, and so of the rest; and, in order to entice the bird to his object, they fasten beneath the feathers of the lure the flesh of a chicken or other fowl, occasionally seasoned with sugar and spices, marrow, and other delicacies. Thus he is prepared for springing at real game.

Having been thus accustomed to a month's exercise in a field or garden, the bird is then tried in open ground, with little bells fastened to his feet, in order to give information of his motions. He is always capped or hooded, that he may see no object but his game; and as soon as the dogs either stop or spring the game, the falconer unhoods the bird and tosses him in the air after his prey.

The various motions of the falcon in the air afford much diversion. At length he descends, and swoops upon his prey with the rapidity of an arrow, and bears it to his master, who recalls him. On these first essays he is presented with the neck and other parts of the bird, as a reward. These gratuities, and the caresses of the falconer, animate the bird to the performance of his duty, and prevent him from "bearing away his bells," that is, from flying off and not returning.

I have said that the hawk is sometimes taken from the nest, and at other times is caught when full-grown. The mode of catching the full-grown hawk is remarkable. If a falcon is pursuing his flight through the air, he will not

descend to an immovable and lifeless bait on the ground. For this reason the experienced falconer fixes in the centre of his net a pulley, or a strong iron wire bent, with a ring, through which he passes a string sixty or eighty feet long, and at its extremity ties by its legs a live pigeon; and, as the falcon sometimes flies so high as not to be seen, the sportsman is informed of his motions by means of a butcher bird, which is fastened by a string tied to a stick near the neck. By its movements this bird indicates the kind of hawk hovering above. If it be a buzzard, or any kind of sluggish hawk, the butcher bird's motions are but slight, but if it suddenly flies down and hides itself, it is a sign that some large falcon is above, and the falconer then lets out his pigeon, whose apparent state of liberty soon attracts the sight of the falcon. It approaches readily; the man withdraws the pigeon, and after a short interval lets it out again. The second appearance of the pigeon always irritates the falcon, which darts upon it as its prey, and is consequently caught in the net.

Hawking is altogether a relic of "olden times." It is still kept up by the Hereditary Grand Falconer of England on a small scale.

# The Natural History and Management of Pets.

## THE BLACKBIRD.



**VERYBODY** knows a blackbird, therefore no description is necessary; and his rich and powerful notes are so often heard in the streets of a town that he contrives to make some noise in the world, and therefore is a popular character—but its song is never so pleasing as when heard in the woods. In such situations the blackbird commences his song very early in the season. Towards evening, and very early in the morning, it comes abroad, and roams about the low marsh grounds for food. It is a shy bird, and is said to spy the fowler at a great distance. When singing on the top of a low bush it suddenly ceases on the approach of a footstep, and drops through the bush, slipping

through the branches with the greatest ease, and making its way among the densest under-foliage.

The blackbird leads a solitary life, except at the breeding



season. This commences early, and it is not uncommon to see young ones at the beginning of May. The blackbird builds generally in a thick bush, such as holly or hawthorn, or an ivied tree. If the birds wish to commence operations before the trees and bushes afford any shelter, as in backward springs, they sometimes make their nest in a tuft of long grass, near a tree or hedge. The outside of the nest is formed of grass, straw, and small roots and moss, worked up with clay or mud, and lined with the softest materials that can be found.

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The birds generally get it made in a week. The female then deposits in it four or five eggs of a greenish blue colour, with dark coloured markings. She sets very closely, and her mate brings her food, and sometimes shares with her in her labours. Blackbirds' nests are often found very near houses, and the old bird has been known to set close within a few yards of human dwellings; but generally they are secluded, and the old birds are very jealous of intrusion.

Young blackbirds are hearty feeders, and keep their parents on the alert to supply them with food. A great number of worms and caterpillars are carried to the nest, and the young ones thrive well on this food. As soon as they are old enough to manage for themselves they separate from each other and from their parents, and pursue their search after food in the places where it most abounds, adding to their insect diet all sorts of berries and fruits.

Blackbirds have two or three broods in the season, according to the nature of the situation. In cold parts of the country, or in late summers, they may have but one brood, and in this case the song does not begin until the season is considerably advanced. When they breed two or three times the song is continuous through the whole summer. At the close of that season the moulting commences.

Towards autumn blackbirds cease to sing, and in general proceed to emigrate. Yet there are many that remain through the winter, roosting in hedges and sheltered spots, and coming into shrubberies and gardens in search of the snails which may still be found there. They also feed on the berries of the ivy,

holly, mountain ash, &c. In severe winters they will come to our thresholds with the sparrow tribe.

There are many *rara aves* among blackbirds. Some have been found quite white, some of a yellowish rose colour; some have been pied, some freckled, and others of many colours; but their common colour, as we all know, is of a beautiful black. They were held in high estimation among the Romans, who fattened them for the table in immense aviaries.

The rich full-toned song of the blackbird is almost too powerful for a cage; but it is, nevertheless, the cause of the capture of the bird. The wicker prison is kept in the open air, and a single blackbird is quite enough for one street, and generally becomes the annoyance of some of the dwellers therein. When at liberty this bird sings only during the summer season, but in a cage it sings all the year.

The blackbird has a good memory, and shows in a slight degree a talent for "mocking." Near a clergyman's house in Suffolk a blackbird was in the habit of "crowing" exactly in the same manner as the common cock, and nearly as loud. Perched upon the top bough of an ash tree, it might be seen crowing away, and only resuming for a second or two its natural song. When the cocks from a neighbouring farm answered it, the little bird seemed delighted.

This power of imitation in the blackbird makes it a still more desirable prize to those who are fond of teaching artificial strains to birds. Like the bullfinch, if properly trained, it will learn two or three airs, and sing them without confusion.

Persons wishing to bring up young blackbirds should take

them in the nest as soon as they are feathered. They may be fed at first with a liquid paste made of steeped bread, yolk of egg, and bruised hemp seed ; afterwards with bruised wheat, minced meat, and different fruits and berries.

The blackbird's cage should be a loose one, and he ought to occupy it alone, as he is a quarrelsome bird. But they do very well indeed in a capacious aviary amongst other birds ; and if space and other matters be provided, then they will build their own nests, and bring up their own young. I should always advise aviaries rather than cages, as these have less the appearance of prison cells, and in them the dear birds feel less their loss of liberty.

Blackbirds are subject to some diseases, but the principal is the pip, which is an inflammation and abscess of a gland on the rump of the bird, whence the oil is manufactured by which it cleans its feathers. The cure for this is to pierce it when it is ripe, so as to let out the matter. A little chalk should be kept in the bird's water, as it favours the production of bone. Blackbirds in their native state take spiders as a purgative, therefore these may be offered them occasionally, and they will take them greedily.

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## The Robin Redbreast.

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HE robin, or robin redbreast, is one of our sweetest warblers, and is at the same time one of our home companions. It is often seen at our doors, both in summer and winter, and approaches us with a confidence known to no other bird. In spring the robin returns to woods and thickets,

and there constructs its nest with moss and dried leaves, intermixed with hair, and lined with feathers. It is placed near the ground, by the roots of trees, and sometimes in old buildings. During the time of incubation the male sits at a convenient spot overhead, and makes the woods resound with his song. The hen bird lays four or five eggs of a dull white, with reddish spots. As soon as the young birds have attained their full plumage they prepare for their departure from the

woods and thickets ; but it is strange that the robin lives in a state of continual hostility with its own tribe, and is both petulant and pugnacious.



Most of the soft-billed birds, such as the nightingale, the swallow, and the titmouse, leave us in the winter, when their insect food is no longer found in abundance ; but the redbreast

continues with us the whole year, and endeavours to support himself in the dead of winter by entering those places which are warm and comfortable, and where insects are most numerous ; and thus he hovers round our doors, and becomes a partaker of our bounty in the frost and snow.

If a brood of young robins should be taken, (and nobody but impious persons take such, for the robin is a sacred bird, and brings ill luck upon those who do it harm), or if a poor little robin should be found, which has been jerked out of its nest by the cuckoo, it may be fed at first on a paste of soft bun or biscuit, and afterwards on sheep's head and egg cut small. If brought up in a cage they should be kept very clean and nice, and fed with the same food that is given to the woodlark. They should also have frequently insect food, such as earwigs, spiders, and the like.



## The Wren.

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HE wren is a very little passerine bird, whose length is but three inches and a half. It is very common in England, braving our severest winters, which it helps to cheer by its sprightly notes. During the winter it, like the robin approaches near the dwellings of man, and takes refuge in barns, hay-stacks, or out-houses, or runs about nimbly among the shrubs close to our thresholds. In the spring it betakes itself to the woods, where it builds on the ground in a low bush, and sometimes on the turf near the trunk of a tree, or in a hole in the wall. Its nest is constructed with much art, and is of an oval shape, with one small aperture in the side for an entrance. And if even this be denied him, he will find some hole, corner, or crevice about the house, barn, or stables, so as not to be easily distinguished from them. The female lays from ten to six-

teen or eighteen eggs, which are white, thinly sprinkled with small reddish spots.



The little wren ought to be taken with the nest, and brought up in it, upon the same food that is given to the nightingale ;



but I should advise my young readers to have nothing to do with Robin Redbreasts or Jenny Wrens. They are best seen in their friendly visits to our hearths and homes, and look better tapping at our window panes, as they often do, for a few crumbs, than they can possibly do in "cages of confinement." Let us do all we can to make the meanest of God's creatures happy. Let the sociable birds be sociable, and let the free inhabitants of the air enjoy as much of God's glorious sunshine and His goodness as they can.



## The Thrush.

THE SONG-THRUSH (*Turdus musicus*).



THE song-thrush (*Turdus musicus*), the sweet singer, is so familiar to us in all parts of England, that it is useless to describe him. It is one of the smallest of British Thrushes. In Scotland it is called the mavis. In Britain it is a resident bird, but on the Continent it

is migratory. In summer, the north of Europe is a great retreat of the thrush, for there a great portion of its surface beyond the pine forests, is covered with extensive tracks of juniper, the berries of which are ripe in summer. When the snow arrives, which it does very suddenly, and in great quantities, the birds are driven southwards to more favourable climates. So abundant are these birds along the shores of the

Baltic, that it has been stated that little short of two hundred thousand have been captured in one season.

The nest of the thrush is generally fixed in some thick hedge, and is formed externally by moss and fibres, and lined internally with clay. The eggs, generally five or six, are of a pale bluish green colour, with small spots of rust colour and



black. During the hatching the male bird is very attentive to his mate.

Thrushes feed chiefly on slugs, worms, and snails, of which, particularly the latter, they destroy such numbers that they deserve to be held in especial esteem by gardeners, and to be forgiven if, when there is a scarcity of this diet, they make free

with the gooseberries and currants. It is very amusing to watch the proceedings of several of these birds, as they scour the new-mown lawn early in the morning in search of food. Watch an old thrush pounce down on a lawn moistened with dew or rain. At first he stands motionless, apparently thinking of nothing at all, his eye vacant, or with unmeaning gaze. Suddenly he bends his ear on one side, makes a glancing sort of dart with his head and neck, gives perhaps one or two hops, and then stops again, listening attentively, and his eye glistening with attention and animation ; his beak almost touching the ground, he draws back his head, as if to make a determined peck. Again he pauses, listens again,—pauses, hops perhaps once or twice, scarcely moving his position,—then is once more motionless as a stuffed bird. But he knows what he is about, for, after another moment's pause, having ascertained that all is right, he pecks away with might and main, and soon draws out a large worm, which his fine sense of hearing has informed him was not far off, and which his hops and previous peckings had attracted to the surface, to escape the approach of what the poor worm might have feared—his ground enemy, the mole.

The following interesting fact I have from a source upon which I can place full reliance. My friend observed last summer two common thrushes frequenting the shrubs on the green in his garden. From the slenderness of their forms, and the freshness of their plumage, they were pronounced to be birds of the preceding summer. There was an association and friendship between them that called our attention to their actions. One of them seemed ailing or feeble from some

bodily accident, for, though it hopped about, it appeared unable to obtain a sufficiency of food. Its companion, an active, sprightly bird, would frequently bring it worms or bruised snails, when they mutually partook of the banquet, and the ailing bird would wait patiently, understand the actions, and expect the assistance of the other. This procedure was continued for some days, but after a time we missed the fostered bird, which probably died, or met with some fatal accident.

The thrush is very early in song, which commences towards the end of January ; and, as there are two or three broods in the year, the song continues till the beginning of October, or at least, thrushes are always to be heard between these periods. The trill of the thrush is a very delightful one, and is commenced earlier in the morning, and continued later in the evening than that of most other birds. The character of its song is truly English, and there is a bold, natural, and free feeling of rustic vigour about it, which gives it a more homely and hearty interest in all parts of the country than the song of any other bird. The thrush is especially one of the birds of plenty ; its blithe and varied song is never heard amid desolation ; and if you hear a thrush, you have not very far to go before you come to a human dwelling.

When kept in confinement, a very large cage is necessary for the health and comfort of the thrush, that it may be able to take exercise without injuring its feathers. If possible, the cage should be three and a half feet long, and nearly as many high. Oatmeal moistened with milk is very suitable food for

this bird. It may also be fed with a paste made with crumbs of bread, rape seed or hemp seed bruised, or meat cut small. Grapes and other fruits are given by way of variety. A plentiful supply of water is requisite both for bathing and drinking. When these birds are taken old, it is very difficult to make them eat their food, and many die in consequence. Alas! they know the sweets of liberty. In a wild state, they like to bathe in company, and assemble sometimes to the number of ten or twelve at once by a particular call. The first which finds a convenient stream, and wishes to go to it, cries in a tone of surprise or joy, "Sik, sik, sik, sik, tsae, tsae, tsae;" immediately all in the neighbourhood reply together and repair to the place. They do not enter the bath, however, without much circumspection, and seldom venture till they have seen a red-breast bathe without danger; but the first that ventures is soon followed by the others, which begin to quarrel if there be not room enough for all the bathers. Water traps are sometimes employed to take these birds, and this explains their circumspection and caution.

With care and attention, the thrush may be preserved in captivity (alas, captivity!) for seven or eight years. Seven or eight years to look through the bars of one's prison-house! to see the bright sun, the green fields, and to hear the joyous insects humming through the air. Happy boys must they be who can look upon "Thrushy" caged, prisoned, and confined, and see the daily tremor of his wings, as he longs to use them in his native element, the blessed air. Surely the Austrians with their dungeons, and their chains, bolts, and bars, must

be a happy governing race ! But soft ! there is a mavis now  
trilling in the holly of Holly Lodge.

Hark how the air rings !  
'Tis the mavis sings,  
And merrily, merrily sounds his voice,  
Calling on vallies and hills to rejoice ;  
For winter is past,  
And the stormy blast  
Is going away to the northward at last ;  
Sing on, then, sweet mavis, amid my old holly ;  
Thy song in my ears, I shan't die melancholy.



# Funny Stories about Fairies and Fetches.

## STORY OF GREEN EYE AND YELLOW EYE.

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**Y**OU have often heard of dwarfs, and perhaps seen the renowned General Tom Thumb, but he is not one of the dwarfs belonging to mythology. These are said to be found in Norway, or among the Finnic inhabitants of Scandinavia. In the Edda, or Northern Pantheon, the dwarfs are described as a species of beings bred in the dust of the earth, like maggots in a carcase. It was, indeed, says the Edda, in the body of the giant Ymer that they were engendered, and first began to move and live. At first they were only worms, but by order of the gods they at length partook both of human shape and reason, but always dwelling in subterraneous caves and among rocks. They were a numerous people, and were the forgers of the enchanted armour, upon which neither swords nor conjurations could make the least impression, and they were said to be in possession of caverns full of treasures, entirely at their own disposal.



There were earth-sprites, also called goblins of the mines and forests, of the most malignant character; they had no power over the dwarfs, except through the agency of a human being; and this being must be of a peculiar kind. He must be the seventh son of a seventh son, an ambidexter; that is, one who uses his left hand equally with his right, unstained by sin of any kind, pure in mind and in body, and of great goodness. Such a person, when found, was to be tempted, corrupted, and then employed to do the goblin's bidding, and serve his purpose at will, as is shown in the following story, called

#### GREEN EYE AND YELLOW EYE.

There was an old goblin called Green Eye, who lived in a capacious mine-cavern on the sea-coast of Norway. He was descended from the race of Odin, and was King of the Goblins in the whole district. His palace was "under the ground and under the sea." It extended for several acres, among the most beautiful mineral productions of rocks and spars and metals, gold, silver, and precious stones. He was attended by numerous spirits, who administered to his pleasures, and brought him daily from the world above ground the green fruits and flowers, as well as the richest savoury viands produced from the chase. Old Green Eye had a wife; she bore the name of Yellow Eye, and was one of the most fiendish, malignant, and cruel characters. Her breath was a floating poison, her sneezings were pungent as hartshorn, and her blood was gall. She was discontented with her husband,

herself, and her palace under ground, and more especially because she had no ready money to sport with. By the aid of her imps, she had become acquainted with the great wealth and magnificence of Smalldody, the Dwarf King, who



lived in great splendour in a famous mine hard by. Having worked upon the cupidity of her husband Green Eye, she at last wrung from him his slow leave to allow her to put her machinations at work whereby she might push Smalldody from his stool, and become possessed of his enormous wealth, by far the greater part of which consisted of "hard coin,"



current and real, which would enable her to administer to all her extravagances. So she, with a right *good bad* will, summoned to her aid three wicked sprites as malignant as herself, and set to work.

Now there dwelt in the village of Fejejeld, not far from the cavern mountains of Smalldody and Green Eye, an old woodcutter named Hochesgo. He had a large family, consisting of seven sons and seven daughters, he himself being the seventh son of his father. His youngest boy was Edilswag, who was not only a match for goblin witchery by reason of his seventh sonism, but from his possessing an untainted body and a pure and upright mind. He was also ambidexter, and had a "second sight," or foresight, which enabled him to see into futurity. He was, moreover, very beautiful, with fair blue eyes, auburn locks, and a face as transparent as that of an angel. Indeed, he seemed exactly such a being as would suit the purposes of the old hag Yellow Eye.

The old crone used to go out from her cavern palace in a car drawn by yellow dragons, and richly adorned with topazes and gold. It had also painted upon it the representation of buttercups, crocuses, marigolds, yellow broomblossoms, and everything else that was yellow, while to match her own egg-yolk-looking face, she wore upon her arms, neck, waist, and even ankles, pieces of golden coin. She carried in her hand a sunflower for a parasol, and for a whip made use of the beautiful long blossoms of the laburnum tree, while behind her car rode two monkeys with the yellow jaundice, giving her whole turn-out a most whig-

gish-radical look; but so bright was the whole affair that mortal eyes were only permitted to have short glimpses of it. Yellow Eye had the power of making herself invisible when she chose to do so, and, what was of the greatest service to her, of transforming herself into any shape not human, through which she could hold communication with mortals.

Having fixed her wicked yellow eyes upon this golden-haired youth, Edilswag, with a determination to use him to her own wicked purposes, she bethought herself of the way she should make herself known to him. She proceeded through the air in her golden chariot in all the pomp and state of a queen, with thousands of yellow butterflies around her, till at last she alighted on the topmost branches of an extensive forest. It was in this forest that Edilswag was at work with his old father, in felling the forest trees. They were both poor and simple-minded, but they loved work for its own sake; and, had it not been that the old man had such a numerous family to provide for, of seven sons and seven daughters, they might have had no other wish than to have gone on, chop, chop, chop, to the end of their days. But the old man, when he thought of having fourteen mouths to fill, twice as many arms to jacket, and twice as many feet to find shoes for, often scratched his head in the fulness of his perplexity, when he would ejaculate, "Heavens! had I been but born lucky, or had I been born rich, how happy I should be!" The poor boy thought there must be something very extraordinary in the power of riches, and ventured to ask his father, as they were sitting down taking their "beaver," at four o'clock in the afternoon, what was the good of riches?

"Good?" replied the father, "a good deal of good, I should think. When you have got money, my boy, everybody pays you respect, and will pull off their caps to you; some will go further, and lick your shoes; others will suffer themselves to be trampled on. Oh, it is a rare thing to have money!"

"I don't want anybody to pull off their caps to me, or to lick my feet, or to lie down for me to trample on; not I. I don't see any good in riches, if that is the good of it. I had rather be as I am, and chop wood."

"Ay, boy, you are not quite born yet," replied the father. "When you have been a little in the world, you will see the use of money. Why, you may have a great house, numerous servants, a fine carriage, horses to hunt with, and dogs, and music and dancing, and singing and drinking, and I do not know what beside."

"But will money cure my stomach-ache?" asked the child; "will it make me feel cheerful? will it—"

"It will do everything," interrupted the father—"everything. You know how sick your poor mother is; you know that Dallengeroso has got the shingles, Hartifogo the me-grims, Brookifergo the measles. Then Scarifixen lies ill with the small-pox, which will most assuredly spoil her beauty; she is to be pitted; and the other girls may catch it; and your poor mother has the rheumatics to such a degree that she can neither stand, lie, sit, walk, kneel, or kick. Now, if we had money, what could prevent us from getting the great Doctor Fuzgog to attend us? Then your brothers would be cured, your sisters would be saved from ugliness, and your

poor mother would rise up as nimble as a kitten. Oh, that we had money!"

"I wish we had money," said the boy, "if we could do good with it."

"Now I have got him," cried out old Yellow Eye to herself. "I've got him now," she iterated. So, ordering her yellow chariot home, she immediately took the form of a cockatoo, and, descending through the branches of a pine tree, flew rapidly across the place where the father and son were eating peas-pudding and talking philosophy.

"What's that?" said the boy.

"What's what?" said the father.

"I saw something yellow," said the boy.

"I heard the jink of money," said the father. For the wicked old Yellow Eye had purposely made the whirr and rustle of her wings to resemble the crumple of bank-notes and the jink of a money pot.

The cockatoo, as I shall now call the old hag, presently alighted on a bough directly opposite to the father and son; and, after a few hops, and a few scratchings of its top-knot, and a fidget at its nose, it stretched out its wings, and then said—

"Get money!"

"Do you hear that?" said the father; "'tis a voice from the clouds."

"Get money!" said the bird again.

"To be sure," answered the old man, "to be sure. This is, indeed, a wise bird. It tells me my own thoughts and wishes."

"How are we to get money?" called out the boy, going close to the bird.

"Any way you can—but get money! get money! get money!" This said, the bird again fluttered its wings with a tremendous jink.



"The bird is the colour of money," remarked the boy; "and see, now the sun shines on him, he is more and more golden; and look! there are some of his feathers falling,—let me catch one." The boy attempted to do so, and some fell in his hand. "They are golden feathers!" cried the lad in ecstasy—"real golden gold."

"Plenty more to be had, plenty more to be had," said the bird.



"And I'll have them," said the old man, who took up a stone, which he aimed at the head of the cockatoo; it struck her but slightly, but another fall of feathers took place. The boy ran and picked them up, exclaiming, with wonder and delight, "They are golden dejacks, father. What a wonderful bird!"

"If you want any more money," said the bird, "you must follow me;" and having said this, the cockatoo flew rapidly into the thick meshes of the forest.

"Follow him, follow him!" cried the father, with delight; "follow him, boy, and bring back another handful of coin, to make your six brothers and seven sisters glad."

"You stop here, then, father. I will follow this wonderful bird, and come back as rich as a prince; only lend me your wallet to put the gold in." So the son snatched his father's wallet, and without stopping to say good-bye, rushed after the cockatoo.

The cockatoo flew a very little way, and soon alighted on the branch of a tree overhanging a brook. There it stopped, and, hanging itself head downwards from one of the branches, began swinging itself in true cockatoo fashion. As it swung, the feathers kept dropping, and the boy could hear the chinkle of them on the stones of the brook. He rushed forward and picked up several, which he put into his father's wallet; he then turned towards the bird, which had now perched upon a higher branch of the tree. At last it spoke—

"Pretty boy! pretty boy!" said the bird; "fond of money? —fond of money? Follow me, and you shall have plenty."

"Ay, but where are you going to?" said the boy; "I should like to know that."

"To a place," replied the cockatoo, "where the earth is a chrysolite, the trees emeralds, and the fruit all gems and precious stones; the flowers rubies, topazes, and amethysts; the rocks diamonds, the rivers sapphires, and the paths and roads are all sands of gold. There you may take your fill."

"I will go," said the youth; "show me the way."

"Come on then," said the bird, who flew close down to the ground for about a hundred yards, and alighted on a sharp piece of projecting rock.

At this moment two beautiful little children emerged from the hollow of the rock. They were exactly like young Cupids. They had bows in their hands, a quiver of arrows on their shoulders—little wings behind them, like fins, not made to fly with; and they had very bright eyes, pouting, rosy lips, and very plump arms and legs. When they saw the cockatoo sitting on the projecting rock, they both put their arrows into their bowstrings, gave a long pull, and shot at the bird.

"What a miss!" cried one of the cherubs to the other.

"I don't think it is a miss for us," replied his companion, "since the bird is gone clean over head and heels somewhere."

The cockatoo had vanished, for she felt herself in danger, and had suddenly transformed herself into another being, and in a moment stood before Edilswag in the form of a most beautiful damsel, having on her head a chaplet of rubies and emeralds, a white opal rod in her hand, with a diamond star at its upper end. Her robe was of the purest silver

tissue, and her sandals of yellow topazes. Her face was radiant with smiles, and she approached Edilswag confidently.

"Fear not," said she, "the loss of your bird. I will be your companion instead, and will teach you what you should do to get access to the realms of riches."

The two dwarf Cupids had at the same time withdrawn themselves from the spot to look after the cockatoo, which they thought, having been wounded, had fluttered away to some secluded spot to die.

"Take this sword," said the fair enchantress; "it is a charmed one, and so keen that the shadow of its blade will be more effective than the keen edge of other swords; follow those two impious children, who aimed at my destruction, and kill them. They stand before the gates of the kingdom of wealth to guard it, and to give warning of the approach of intruders."

Edilswag hesitated to take the sword. "The children look innocent and beautiful; I cannot consent to be their destroyer."

"You will not be; the wave of this sword will only send them into a sweet sleep."

"But will they ever waken out of it?" asked the boy.

"That belongs to me," said the enchantress. "Look at me," she continued; "does wickedness and cruelty shine forth in my countenance; do I look like a murderess?"

The boy looked up at the beautiful face of his tempter. There was indeed a smile of a heavenly radiance upon her brow; a look of love and sweetness, which seemed to indicate truth and goodness; and then she proffered the sword with

such a grace of manner, that the unsuspecting youth took hold of it without further parley.

You will say that this must have been a Damascus sword, but it was not ; it was a fairy sword, which had many curious properties relating to it, one of which was that it rendered



those who held it invulnerable, and also invisible and invincible.

“While you hold this sword,” resumed the enchantress, “nothing can harm you,—the strokes of other swords will not wound you. Behind its glittering and flashing you will be invisible and, if you do my bidding, invincible.”

"What am I to do?" asked the boy, although his hand trembled as he spoke, as it quite frightened him to find himself in the possession of such wonderful powers.

"Follow me," said the enchantress, and she immediately waved her wand in the air. The boughs of the trees seemed to open for her as she passed through them; the boy unconsciously followed her. Her way now progressed through a narrow valley, and at the other end of its vista Edilswag could just discern the forms of the two children who had shot at the cockatoo. In a few minutes he came near to the place where they stood. They seemed still on the search for their struck bird. The enchantress led Edilswag close to them and said, "Now, strike!"

"I cannot," said the boy. "I cannot destroy so much heavenly beauty. They have done me no harm; I will not commit a murder;" and he tried to throw away the sword, but alas! it clung to his hand, and he could not get rid of it.

"Do you not remember your father and mother, your brothers and sisters, now pining in want, sickness, and misery? and yet you refuse to advance yourself in wealth and riches, in power and splendour. Then let your parents sink and die, in wretchedness and sorrow."

"I cannot strike at these children, poor sweet little innocents! Set before me a bear, a wolf, or an ogre, be he ever so dreadful, and I will beard him bravely, and risk my life if necessary. Show me what is evil, detestable, whatever is wicked and dangerous, and I will smite it without hesitation—a serpent, a dragon,—but not an innocent child."

"I will put thee to the proof," said the enchantress, and immediately a loud crash of thunder was heard, the lightning blazed, and the woody walls of the valley were in a flame. Then a thick smoke and darkness followed. Then was heard the clashing of swords, the screams of fiends, the hurly-burly of warring multitudes, the roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, and the hissing of serpents. If Edilswag trembled when he grasped the sword, he ought to have trembled now, but he did not. In the midst of all this terror he remained calm and self-possessed. *His heart smote him not.* He had resisted the tempter; he had not lent himself to a deed of blood, and he was calm.

A tremendous roar shook the earth, and a gigantic old lion, lashing his sides with his tail and tearing up the ground with his claws, stood grimly before the heroic youth. He made a spring, but the boy stepped nimbly on one side, and before the lion could recover from his bound his keen sword had taken off the head of the king of beasts, who fell lifeless.

"Thank goodness for that," said the boy. "Not such a bad sword after all;" and he was then beginning to consider the best way of making his retreat from such a terrible place; "For," said he, "if riches are to be won in this way, I had rather go without them."

"He who seeks riches will have many lions in his path," said a voice; "but no lions are so terrible as sin."

Just as this was spoken a most fetid smell pervaded the atmosphere. It was almost suffocating. The darkness also increased, and a thick smoke arose which seemed to belong

to the regions of the lower world : terrific bangings, too, were heard, as of the levers of a falling mill, or of the clangings of the great steam-hammer. These were the noises occasioned by the lashings of a stupendous monster's tail against the sides of his ribs, and the flapping of his wings. This monster presently appeared. It was an enormous dragon, with a mouth almost as large as an oven, and teeth nearly the size of milestones. He filled by his breadth the whole gorge of the valley. His tail was cocked up, like that of a scorpion, over his scaly body, and stood above its head with its spear protruding forward in a most threatening attitude, while its goggle eyes rolled and its barbed tongue shot backwards and forwards from its mouth.

Edilswag could not help feeling a little disconcerted at this "odd customer," but he had great confidence in his sword, and more in his conscience ; so he braced himself up in that, and went boldly towards the dragon, and thus addressed him :—

"I tell you what it is, old fellow ! although you are a very 'queer one to look at,' I shall hope to find you 'a good one to go,' and therefore you had better go back to that no doubt very amiable place from whence you came. I don't want to hurt you ; I feel pity for your helpless condition"—(here the dragon gave a tremendous grin, and showed his fanged teeth, and wagged his tail, as if he admired the joke)—"and I should wish," continued the youth, "to respectfully inquire whether your beloved maternal parent is aware of your absence from home without the latch key of the back door in your pocket."

The dragon upon this began to wriggle all over, and at last rose on his hind-legs with astonishment. He had never been treated so coolly before, and it had more effect upon him than fifty bold cuts and stabs upon his scaly hide. Edilswag had turned the terrible into the comical; from the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step, and he had found it.

Observing the dragon to be thoroughly flabbergasted by this mode of attack, the youth became bolder, or rather more saucy. Sauce for a dragon is said to be bomb-shells, hand grenades, congreve rockets, and shrapnels. Edilswag had sauce much more savoury, and not so complicated; so he took his sword by the blade, and, using its handle as an opera-glass, walked towards the dragon in the coolest manner possible, and making a very polite bow, asked, "Would you like to have your amiable portrait photographed?"

The dragon was in a 'rage;' he flapped his huge wings, he rattled his iron scales, he showed his gigantic teeth, he rolled his saucer eyes, he twirled and cracked his tail like a coach whip, the snappings alone of which sounded like the nimble discharge of musketry. Then he gave a tremendous roar, that echoed from rock to rock through the granite valley, and with an enormous elongation of his whole form stood 'bolt upright' on his hind-legs, as if he meant to overwhelm Edilswag like a stupendous torrent.

However the boy was nothing daunted. He thought of the noble St. George, who slew the dragon in early days. He thought of the heroic St. Dunstan, who took the foul fiend by the nose with a pair of tongs. He thought of little Jack the



Giant Killer, who managed the great Cornish giant by a stroke of wit and a mess of hasty pudding ; and so he thought he would try this dragon by a dish of fun.

So walking up steadily towards the nose of the dragon, not caring one dump for his horrible looks, or for the rage with which his scaly body was convulsed, he put his hand into his breast pocket, and, pulling out a leathern case, he produced a real clay pipe, which he filled with Lloyd's Bristol Bird's-eye. He then took out his "lucifers," and having lit his pipe, and put it into his mouth, walked close up to the head of the dragon, and, suiting the action to the word, said, "Have a cigar?"

The dragon liked the smell of the brimstone match. He was used to sulphurous smells. He liked also the smell of the smoke ; it reminded him of his cosy back parlour down in his coal-cellar domains ; so, after a little *mauvaise honte*, an infinitesimal amount of coquetry, a little blinking and winking of his eyelids, and a small quantity of shuffling and sidling, he sat himself down on his haunches, taking care to curl his tail, as a cat does when she sits, into a kind of sociable circle. He looked at the youth with more favour ; his anger seemed to have been suddenly appeased. The youth still offered the "weed." The dragon gave a hitch towards it. His eyes twinkled with pleasure ; his nose sniffed at the fragrant perfume ; his mouth began to water ; and at last, with a hitch and a jerk, he extended his broad fore paw and clutched the cigar. Edilswag urbanely gave him a light from a fresh lucifer, and the dragon and the boy sat down to a comfortable whiff.

It must have been a very funny thing to see a little boy smoking with a big dragon, and a very funny thing it was, as the smoking went on, for the dragon, after he had got the taste and flavour of the first cigar into his mouth, asked for another, then another, then another, and then another—another, another, and another, till he had stuck a cigar between every two of his twenty-four front teeth. It was a good thing that Edilswag's pipe was a capacious one, calcu-



lated to hold about an ounce. The dragon was used to smoke, and he liked it, but he never enjoyed such smoke as that before. There was something so irresistibly enticing, so deliciously tasty, and so incomparably soothing in the smoke he now enjoyed, that he felt himself a new creature, a changed dragon; and just as a salt side of a hog is changed by smoke into delicious bacon, so was this dragon changed by the Manilla smoke from a savage, fierce, and terrible fiend to a mild, soft, gentle, and even amiable individual; and, instead

of swallowing up the youth, or tucking him snugly into one of his hollow teeth, as he intended to have done, he was well content to sit down with him in a comfortable manner and "blow a cloud."



## The Old Dragon's Story.

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NOW, while the boy and the dragon sat blowing a cloud together, and were chatting in a very sociable manner, the wicked enchantress, who had rendered herself invisible, sat close by on the stump of an old tree, sadly disappointed at finding she could not destroy the virtuous Edilswag. She had calculated that the lion would have torn him to pieces, or that the dragon would have swallowed him up; but she had forgotten the virtues of the keen sword, and never had any idea of the extraordinary powers of tobacco smoke. As the dragon continued to smoke, he became very cosy indeed, and a vast deal more communicative, and after drawing from Edilswag some account of his birth, parentage, and education, with which he was very well pleased, he commenced giving some account of himself.

"You must know," said he, "that I was not always a dragon, such as you now see me. I was once a good little boy,

as you are; but, alas! I became changed through my own wicked folly, and by the powerful spells of an arch old enchantress, the wife of the King of the Goblins. Her name



was 'Yellow Eye,' and she and her husband, 'Green Eye,' had conceived the most violent hatred for the Dwarf King, 'Smalldody,' in consequence of the mines of gold and gems of which he was lord and master. Various were their plans

for obtaining the wealth of their rival, but without effect; and, alas! I, in an evil hour, became a victim to their cruel sorcery. Unfortunately, I had a touch of the same fever that possessed my enemies; I longed to be rich and powerful, and scorned honest industry and economy, the only two powers by which riches ought to be obtained. I fancied that wealth and power might be had by scheming and trickery, or by necromancing; and often did I dream of gold hidden in the earth, and of jewels and gems to be found by holding converse with the gnomes and fairies; so I went into lonely woods and caverns, and hideous glens and thickets, and tried to invoke their aid by magic spells and incantations. At last, one moonlight night, just after an eclipse of that luminary had taken place, I buried myself in the darksome shadows of a wood, and after having called upon 'Hecate' nine times nine times, and upon 'Lycorax,' and invoked 'Puck' and Robin Goodfellow to the same tune and quantity, I was surprised at finding an enchantress (and it was the odious Yellow Eye) close by my side. A bat of enormous size was at this moment flitting across the moon, and the enchantress commanded me to kneel beside her, and to call upon it for its aid. I was so astonished and alarmed, that I scarcely knew what I did, but my voice of adjuration joined with that of the sybil; and the 'bat' which flitted across the disc of the moon, grew nearer and nearer, and at last spread forth its wings towards earth, and settled down on the ledge of a rock close before us.

"What do you want?" said the bat to me.

"I was terribly frightened, but not so much but I knew

'what I wanted,' and so told him plainly that 'I wanted to be rich.'

"'Ho! ho!' said the bat, 'the old story over again; all want to be rich. Then do,' said he, 'as "Yellow Eye" would have you.'

"'Very well,' said I, 'with all my heart. Shall I be rich if I do?'

"'That will depend,' said the bat—

"'On me,' said the enchantress. 'Look up to me, and you shall be rich. Do as I tell you.'

"'I will,' said I.

"So then the wicked old creature told me that I was close to the regions of the 'Dwarf King,' whose riches were enormous; that his wealth, consisting of gold, gems, and precious stones, would buy all the rest of the world out and out. She then put into my hand the 'sword of invisible sharpness,' and told me to go on through this very valley till I came to a lonely cottage. I did so, and when I got to the door, she whispered in my ear: 'Kill all therein, and you will find the entrance to the Dwarf King's mine of wealth under the fire-place.' She then left me.

"So with my sword in my hand, and a good deal of courage in my heart, I opened the door of the cottage. What was my surprise at beholding a very happy family. There was an old man and woman sitting before a blazing fire; the man was reading a goodly book, while the woman was spinning flax; and beside them, on a little stool, sat a pretty little cherub of a child, nursing a kitten almost as pretty as herself.

“As soon as I entered, the little girl, putting her kitten on her shoulder, came to meet me. ‘Oh, good little boy,’ said she, ‘I am so glad you are come; you can help me to play with my kitten.’ The old man also saluted me by asking, ‘Where I was travelling?’ and telling me to walk in and take some refreshment; at the same time the old woman rose and went to the larder, and brought me some pumpkin-pie; while the child, whose name I found was ‘Cherry,’ brought me some cowslip wine, and I sat down to the table, and made myself very comfortable. I was very hungry, and ate and drank till I felt refreshed, and then—ay, alas! that was a bitter then.”

“What did you do then?” Edilswag inquired.

“Why, first,” continued the dragon, “I began to think of the ‘wealth’ of which I was in search; and then I thought of the means of obtaining it. I cast my eyes towards the fire-place. ‘That is the spot,’ said I to myself, ‘where the treasure lies;’ and so I took an opportunity, when the old woman’s eyes were turned another way, to fumble with the poker for the ‘trap-door’ which led to the mines of wealth; and, to my astonishment, inserted my instrument into a hole which immediately raised the door; and there I saw, although but for a moment, a hoard of glittering gold, and a long avenue which seemed studded with precious stones, and the glare of the fire upon them made them sparkle like stars in the firmament of heaven. ‘I shall be as rich as a nabob,’ said I; and I then felt for my sword, which upon my entrance to the cottage I had put under my doublet. I then turned



towards the little girl, who was still nursing her kitten very lovingly. 'Kill all in the house,' were the words of the enchantress. I had not forgotten her injunction, but I knew not how to begin.

" 'Kill all in the house!' that was indeed a cruel thing to do—but I felt I must do it—and I knew it would be easy with my sword of sharpness. 'With whom shall I begin,' I thought to myself; 'shall I begin with the old man or woman, or the little child?' I felt that I could not kill the dear little child, till I had got a little used to murder. At last, after a few minutes' consideration, I thought I would try my first stroke on the kitten.

"So I said to 'Cherry,' 'Lend me your kitten, dear, and I will show you a "funny stroke" with it.' The little girl only said, 'Pray do not hurt my "Petty,"' and without further hesitation gave into my hands the juvenile cat. I immediately whipped out my sword, and drew it across the neck of 'Petty;' at the same moment a loud clap of thunder shook the building, and a flash of lightning annihilated everything around me. A mist of blindness for a moment came over my eyes, and when I recovered my eyesight the cottage and all its inmates had vanished, and I, alas! alas! was changed into the wretched form you see me."

When he came to this part of his story, the dragon asked for another mouthful of cigars, and just as he had stuck his teeth full, there appeared at the gorge of a huge cleft in the rock, a little way down the vista of the valley, the heads of two of those monsters of the olden world which we read of in

geology, called "megatheriums." They bellowed loudly, and as they issued from the rock, it was soon seen that there was a team of them, no less than eight yoked to a gorgeous car of malachite, set with gems, gold, and precious stones. In it sat the driver, with reins of asbestos in his hands, and a long whip of the same material; and behind him, quite at his ease, on a throne of beautiful emeralds studded with rubies and overhung by a canopy of gold, sat the renowned "Small-dody," King of the Dwarfs. The old dragon rose up at his approach, and made a most respectful "salaam," bowing his horned nose backwards upon the ground, and knocking the cigars out of his teeth at the same time. Edilswag made also a profound reverence to the king, who rose in his chariot, and returned his salutation with a smile. "Noble youth," said he, "you have preserved your virtue and honour in a way worthy to be rewarded. You are abroad on the search for riches; come with me and I will show you the 'Land of Gold.' Mount upon the back of your new-made acquaintance the dragon there, and follow me to the gnome kingdom below ground, and I will show you riches and the lovers of riches in all their native beauty and deformity, and you shall then be rich if you will."

The dragon seemed pleased at this proposal, and instinctively wagged his tail. Edilswag, after several vain efforts, succeeded at last in getting upon the back of the dragon, and setting his two feet on the shoulders of his wings instead of stirrups, felt firm in his seat, and he had as much confidence as a lad might be supposed to have in his peculiar condition;

for he did not exactly know whether his friend might not take to flying,—although his wings, such as they were, seemed more like fins than wings, and better adapted to enable the monster to swim. However the Dwarf King turned his chariot round towards the mouth of the cavern from whence he had issued, and, as “advised,” the dragon fell in at the



rear, following on with a slow, stately march. As to Edilswag, he never felt so proud of his position in his life.

After entering the cavern, the cavalcade proceeded for some distance in darkness—or what would have been darkness but for the sparkling of the gems with which the Dwarf King's chariot was bedizened;—for more than a mile they passed

through this tunnel of twilight, which as they proceeded became more and more expanded. Beautiful stalactites and sharp masses of glittering rock depended from the roof, while the sides bristled with huge spars and gigantic crystals. At last the cavern opened into an enormous hall with a capacious dome, measuring at least half a mile in circumference, and lighted up by burning masses of coal, or rather by the gas exuding therefrom. Ten thousand bright lights glittered on every side, and a noble vista of flaming jets led to an immense castellated gateway. It was built of black, shining basalt, had a portico of jasper, a huge portcullis of iron, and a massive gate of gold. As they drew near to it, the shrill notes of a bugle caused the portcullis to be raised, and the gates flew open. The Dwarf King entered in his car, and Edilswag and his dragon-horse closed up the rear. But how astonished was the lad at the gorgeous beauty and grandeur of the place! Little did he imagine that such glorious regions could be found under-ground. He had always supposed that amid the deep caverns of the earth, gloom and darkness reigned, and that those who descended to the regions below would have as little use for eyes as the pioneer mole; but here was light, and air, and beauty. It is true there were no flowers or trees like those above-ground, but there were great and grand productions like those belonging to the ancient and most remote periods of the earth's history. Gigantic trees of the fern species, and of the horsetail family; also enormous palms, fungi of extraordinary shapes and of expansive dimensions, and mosses large and numerous, and congregated,

as are the forests of the upper earth. There were also magnificent pines and fir trees; and, among the numerous varieties of cryptogamous plants, there were many that shone with the most brilliant lustre, both in leaf and flower, although vitality had left them for ever. There was no blue sky, such as that we are used to on the outside of the earth; but, instead, a universal purple light, which gave to every surrounding object a most subdued and pleasing effect. The light was something between sunlight and moonlight, and everything in which it was viewed partook of a sublime and grand character. Nor were the animal productions at all inferior to the vegetable ones; for here were to be seen, roving about at their will, the stupendous monster forms of the ancient earth, living amid coral caves and diamond mines, and sporting freely among rocks and deep lakes, and shallow seas and rushing rivers, and amid beautiful shells and marine productions of great variety and beauty. Sharks of all sizes, from that of a herring to that of a whale; tortoises and turtles of gigantic proportions; crocodiles and other saurians; and the mighty plesiosaurus,—an animal with the head of a lizard, the teeth of a crocodile, and a neck of enormous length, like that of a serpent, and the extremities of a whale. There were birds, too, huge flying creatures of the bat family, measuring ten or fifteen feet between their wings. Among the swamps and marshes waded the hippopotamus, rhinoceros, and the stupendous mastodon, with other large animals, cased in plated mail; and there were serpents also, of tremendous length and size, and dragons without number, many

of which were trained to useful purposes, both of draught and burden. Edilswag viewed all with the greatest astonishment, and, while he was wondering at what he saw, he found himself approaching a most gorgeous pile of architecture, which seemed to glow and glitter in its own light, as, indeed, well it might, for it was called the "Diamond Palace," and was the residence of the "Dwarf King." It was built on a huge rock, which stood upon the margin of a capacious lake. Its approach was by a bridge of rubies, and a noble flight of a thousand steps of purest agate and most costly pearls. At the two ends of this bridge were placed four golden griffins, and over its centre arch was erected a high tower of the brightest rock crystal, having above it a spire of amethyst. This tower and spire were, indeed, glorious to look upon, but sank into insignificance before the elaborate and beautiful architecture of the palace itself, which was one blaze of brilliance. It was built in the form of a square, and from its centre arose a dome a thousand yards in circumference, surmounted by a statue of the Dwarf King. The dome was of the purest gold, and it was supported by a hundred pillars, each a perfect six-sided crystal of emerald, which stood upon a basement of white marble, inlaid with turquoise, and ornamented with silver stars. The façade of the centre, in which the grand entrance was placed, consisted of twelve malachite steps leading to a broad platform of jasper studded with sapphires. Twenty-four pillars of pink opal formed the entrance to the portico, which comprehended three golden gates, curiously carved and of exquisite device; and entering



THE HALL OF THE DIAMOND PALACE.

these, you came to the grand hall of audience. It was entirely of crystal ; fifty double pillars on either side separated

two isles from the centre nave. The ceiling was a mosaic of diamonds, set with sapphires; the basement or pavement was of the purest rock crystal, and at the further end of this great hall, which was three hundred feet long by a hundred broad, was erected a throne of burnished gold.

The Dwarf King had dismounted from his car and entered the palace. Edilswag dismounted from his horse dragon, and entered the palace with the king by the grand entrance; and while he stood amazed at the glorious prospect before him, the sound of martial music was heard, "a flourish of trumpets and drums." This was thrice repeated. The hall gradually filled with priests in their holy habiliments of white; senators and councillors in robes of red; and a numerous and brilliant company of ladies, among whom the "elves" and "fairy nymphs" shone conspicuous. Another flourish of trumpets and drums, accompanied with a noise like thunder, shook the palace. A cloud of incense rose before the throne, and in the midst of it appeared the Dwarf King, NUGGET THE GREAT, king of the mines and lord of the underground world. He wore a crown of diamonds, and held in his hand a ruby sceptre; and while Edilswag stood wondering and almost overpowered with what he saw and heard, the Dwarf King thus spoke:—

"Sublime nobles, great councillors, and mighty senators! I greet you all well. I have to-day revisited the outer earth; but it is still full of evil influences. There is but little work among the sons of men. Our great enemy 'Yellow Eye,' who has an eye upon our gold, is still busy in deluding the



wealth-coveting mortals, and driving them into her cruel snares of wickedness and sin. One is now present with you, who has nobly resisted her temptations, destroyed the lion she sent against him, and tamed the 'Great Dragon of the Wealden.' He has followed me here at my command, and is now before you—say what shall be done to him."

Edilswag was mightily surprised at what the king said, and tried to withdraw himself among the crowd, but in his attempt to do so, was prevented by two grand officers of the court, who conducted him along the broad way of the hall to the steps of the throne, before which he was told to prostrate himself. This he did, and while he was in this posture of humiliation, the king continued his oration.

"Say," said he, "what shall be done to the noble youth who has triumphed over Yellow Eye."

"Make him one of us," uttered a thousand voices. "Show him the true value of riches, the real use of gold."

"It shall be done," said the king. "Come, youth, and stand at my right hand till I can show and teach thee more than thou couldst ever learn in the wicked upper ground of earth." The king then made his obeisance to his nobles, and having taken Edilswag by the hand retired to the inner court of the palace.

When the king had passed through to his inner room, which was called the "Pearl Chamber," he immediately summoned his chief favourite and councillor, Merlin, to whom he presented Edilswag, with this direction: "Take this youth," he said, "initiate him in our mysteries, show him the use of riches,

the danger of riches, and the true value of gold ; that he may return to the wicked upper world fit to live and to do good in it."

Merlin made a very handsome bend, and took Edilswag by the hand. "Peace be with thee," said the king, placing his right hand on the head of the youth as he retired.

When the king was gone, Merlin turned to his young charge, and taking him by the arm, said to him, "Fear not. Look upon me as thy guardian spirit ; learn of me and I will teach thee ; follow my footsteps and I will show thee much ; be docile and patient, and thou shalt have wisdom given thee worth more than all the glories that thou seest around thee, and ten times more valuable than all the riches either above or below ground."

Edilswag uttered in a subdued voice, "I will be patient, and humble, and teachable ;" and immediately Merlin led the way, commanding the youth to make himself assured, and to listen to what he should say.

The youth and the sage passed through the beautiful gardens of the palace, rich in cryptogamous plants, and abounding in the most delicious grottoes. Elegant cascades of the purest water dashed glittering over rocks of seinite and serpentine, and, in their course among the limestone and other rocks, strewed the ravines and crevices through which they bound with grains and small nuggets of gold. How did the boy long for a few handfuls of the precious metal. "How happy," said he to himself, "would only one cap full of those nuggets make my poor father, mother, brothers and sisters !"



He could not refrain from expressing his feelings to Merlin, and told him, in the end, the object of his adventure, and all his travels' history, from the time of his first following the yellow Cockatoo.



"I knew it all," replied the sage. "I know that thou still hast a lust of gold ; but be not deceived, think not that a source of good or of happiness. In your upper world it has been the source of the greatest calamities that have ever fallen on the human race, and is of equal misfortune to individuals in every stage of life's fitful history. I have many

moving monuments to this effect, and thou shalt see them soon."

They now entered the "open country," if the country of mines and caverns can be called open. However, they came to a land of considerable extent, and passing over a rock bridge entered through a golden gate to a noble mansion.



The mansion, like the gate, was of gold, the trees around it bore golden fruit, the servants who came out to greet the sage wore golden liveries, the furniture of the house was gold; the dishes, pans, cups, jugs, and every thing else that could be seen, were gold—all gold! gold! gold! bright, precious glittering gold. The stables were gold, the horses ate gilded oats, like those of the Roman Emperor; in short, all around, above and below, was nothing but gold.

Presently crept forth an old, lean, withered, hollow-eyed, spindle-shanked, feeble, tottering man, dressed in a golden robe; his other habiliments, from the slippers on his feet to the cap upon his head, were gold also. He had a golden set of false teeth, a golden ear trumpet, a golden guard chain (Albert pattern), a golden eye-glass, and a golden false eye. He came forward with a trembling step, and bending before Merlin, said, "Sir, noble Sir, give me an appetite! Give me a relish! Give me love in my heart! Give me pleasure in what surrounds me! Give me a clear conscience! Give me youth! Give me contentment! Give me, oh, give me, the power only of shedding tears, for I am a miserable wretch!"

"Thou hast gold enough," replied the sage, "go buy what thou wantest."

"I want that which gold cannot buy. Thou thinkest," said he, addressing Edilswag, "thou thinkest I am rich; but know, youth, that he who has nothing but riches, such as gold, is miserably, miserably poor."

"Thou madest the acquisition of gold while on earth the sole object of thy life," replied the sage; "for *that* thou speculated, for *that* thou scraped, for *that* thou denied thyself common necessities, for *that* thou robbed the fatherless children and the widows, for *that* thou circumvented goodness and undermined worth, and overreached honour and honesty. For this thou gavest up all the noble sentiments, the holy thoughts, the tender sympathies of thy nature—all to be thought a '*millionaire*,' and to *die rich*—to *die rich*. Now

thou hast gold enough, thy coffers are full enough, thou hast house, servants, steeds, and chariots—and yet thou art miserable.”

“Wretched ! wretched ! wretched !” said the old man as he turned away with a groan ; “ I have none to feel for me, none to comfort, none to pity me.” So saying, he knocked his head against the golden portals of the door of his house in frantic madness, and disappeared.

“ This is the ‘ Bliss of Gold ’ observed Merlin. “ Art thou not taught, youth, that ‘ all is not gold that glitters ? ’ Wouldst thou be further admonished ? Look yonder.”

So Edilswag cast his eyes a little in advance, and thence he beheld two fierce griffins in most furious combat. One, which was a female, was of a golden colour ; the other was of brass, but polished so as to look like gold. Now they withdrew a little apart, and then mustering up all their strength, sprung together with redoubled violence, tearing each other with their teeth and claws, and scattering their scales about like sparks from a blacksmith’s forge. Then they growled, hissed, snarled, and grinned hideously ; then they flew at each other again, rolling and tumbling over among the rocks, and lacerating themselves woefully, only pausing when they were quite exhausted and out of breath.

“ What horrible animals ! ” cried the youth. “ How dreadful to look upon !—they will tear each other to pieces. Why is this ? ”

“ It is a simple case,” said Merlin. “ These two griffins, in the upper world, were man and wife. The male, which is the

brazen one, thought that gold was to give him happiness. He was what is called a fortune hunter, and married an heiress for the sake of her money ; they lived a cat-and-dog life above ground, and now they live a kind of Kilkenny-cat life ; and the male griffin constantly utters—

She had money, I had none,  
That's the way the quarrel begun.

And it is in this manner that they fight from day to day, without the least hope of their ever being reconciled. They are condemned to everlasting discord for the sake of gold, for there is no divorce court here.

The youth and sage went on a little further. At last they came to a small circular lane. They entered it, and, passing through a narrow passage, came into a large domed cavern. It was dark and gloomy—nothing was to be seen ; but cries of woe and anguish were heard, truly frightful—" Oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah !" —then groans of *bass*, then shrieks of *treble*, then moanings, *tenor* and *counter tenor*, then sighs *sotto voce*, and at last the mad outrage of a whole orchestra, with the rolling and rumbling of stones and brickbats, after the manner of " Der Freischütz."

"What can this mean?" said Edilswag.

"Thou shalt see," said Mërlin, who, with a wave of his staff, struck a light in the place, and there was discovered a poor wretch standing, or rather capering about, in the middle of the space, while from every side of the cavern, its top, and even its bottom, numerous fiends stood pelting him with



"nuggets of gold," from the size of oranges to that of pumpkins; and as every glittering missive struck him or glanced by him, the unfortunate wretch capered about in the most grotesque antics, uttering by turns cries of anguish or terror, while the fiends around him mingled their hootings and gibberings with his lamentations.

"What can this mean?" inquired the youth, of Merlin.

"This wretched being," replied the sage, "was one who, having taken up that heavenly religion whose great principle is that of self-sacrifice and poverty, and the scorn of worldly riches, pandered to the insane cupidity of the world, and preached for filthy lucre's sake, and even went so far as to renounce the very essence of his creed, and to pray to the Supreme for wealth, for riches, for gold. And here he has what he prayed for—an increasing accumulation flowing upon him from every side. That sharp lump which you saw strike him on the side of the head, and made him roar so, represented a 'living' that fell in and made him a pluralist. The great nugget that felled him to the gold heap was a 'rich bishopric;' and the last one that struck him, and made him kick and howl so, was a 'cardinal's' income. He has now gold at every turn, more than he knows what to do with, and he will have more and more till the 'day of doom' shall come."

"Oh! give me not *gold*," cried the youth, terrified by what he had seen, "Give me not *gold*—give me not *riches*—give me not *wealth*! Oh! Mighty One, who givest all, give me *contentment*—give me *peace*! fill my heart with *love*—fill



my eyes with tears of *sympathy*—fill my mind with *faith and trust in Thee*—and give me a desire for cheerful *industry*, so that the labour of my hands may provide things honest in the sight of men.”

The instant the youth uttered this prayer a fragrant smoke, like incense, arose from the spot on which he stood, and filled the whole cavern and hall. Sweet sounds of delicious music took the place of the yells before heard; a bright white cloud encompassed him. In a few moments that white cloud beamed with all the colours of the rainbow, and from it a voice was heard, saying, “Thy prayer has come up as a sweet memorial before me.” The cloud now dispersed—the songs of angels gave place to those of birds—and Edilswag found himself, waking as from a delicious sleep, under the wide-spreading branches of one of the forest trees, with his father at a small distance, pursuing his usual work. He awoke as from a dream; but he awoke with a lesson which he never forgot. He pursued honest labour like a man. He gained a competency enough for a poor man, and he enjoyed domestic happiness, and a clear conscience, and the blessing of God gave him a perpetual peace.

# Merry-making of England in the Olden Times ;

AND OF

ANCIENT HALLS, HOMESTEADS, COUNTRY MANSIONS, AND OLD  
ENGLISH LIVING.

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**N**OTHING is more interesting than the old English style of living and feeding, compared with the way we do these things at the present day; and there is something very pleasing, as well as instructive, of the sayings and doings of former times. A description of an old house in the country, which I once visited with my friend, Mr. Mitford, will set our ancient way of living in an ancient light.

The place to which I allude is Little Cotes House, two miles from Hungerford, in Berkshire. It stands in a low situation, as most of such houses do. On three sides it is surrounded by a park that spreads over the adjoining hill; on the fourth by meadows which are watered by the river Kennet. Close on one side of the house is a thick grove of lofty trees, along the verge of which runs one of the principal avenues to it through the park. It is an irregular building, of great antiquity, and was probably erected about the termi-

nation of the feudal warfare, when defence became no longer necessary in a country mansion. Many circumstances in the



interior of the house, however, seem appropriate to feudal times. The hall is very spacious, floored by stones, and

lighted by large transom windows that are clothed with casements. Its walls are hung with old military accoutrements that have long been left a prey to rust. At one end of the hall is a range of coats of mail and helmets, and there is on every side abundance of old-fashioned pistols and guns, many of them with matchlocks. Immediately below the cornice hangs a row of leathern jerkins, made in the form of a shirt, supposed to have been worn as armour by the vassals. A large oak table, reaching from one end of the room to the other, might have feasted the whole neighbourhood. The rest of the furniture is in a suitable style, particularly an arm-chair of cumbrous workmanship, constructed of wood and curiously turned, with a high back and triangular seat, said to have been used by judge Hepburn in the time of "Good Queen Bess."

The entrance is at one end by a low door, communicating with a passage that leads from the outer door in the front of the house to a quadrangle within. At the other it opens into a gloomy staircase, by which you ascend to the first floor, and, passing the doors of some bedchambers, enter a narrow gallery which extends along the back front of the house from one end to the other of it, and looks upon an old garden. This gallery is hung with portraits, principally in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. In one of the bedchambers which you pass in going to the gallery is a bedstead with blue furniture, which time has now made dingy and threadbare; and as you pass through the other rooms you find long corridors, little narrow passages, staircases of walnut or oak,

with gothic or Elizabethan banisters, and at the top a great variety of little pigeon-holed bedrooms.

During the reign of Henry VII. the country mansions of many of the gentlemen of the country were little better than cottages, being thatched buildings covered on the outside with the coarsest clay, many of which are still to be seen in various parts of England, especially in that part of Suffolk called High Suffolk. Some of the better sorts of these are inhabited by farmers, as at Kenton Hall; others are adapted for two or three labouring families.

Speaking of "old times," says Harrison, a writer in Elizabeth's time :—" Our countrie houses instead of glass did use much lattise, and that made of wicker or thin rafts of oak in chequer wise," some of which we may still see in farmhouse dairy windows. " Some of the better sort," he says, " in and about the time of the Saxons, did make panels of horn instead of glass, and fix them on wooden colmes; but as horn in windows is laid quite down in everie place, so our lattises are also grown into less, all because glasse is come to be so plentiful. The walls of our houses, on the inner sides of each sort, be hung with tapestry, arras works, or painted cloths, whereon either divine history, or herbs, beasts, knots, and such like, are stained, or else they are sealed with oak of our own, or wainscot brought out of the East countries, whereby the rooms are made warm and much more close than they otherwise would be. As for stooves, we have not hitherto used them greatly, yet do they now begin to be made in divers houses of the gentrie."

The house of every country gentleman of property included a neat chapel and a spacious hall; and where the estate and establishment were considerable, the mansion was divided into two parts, or sides, one for the state and banquetting rooms, and the other for the household; but in general the latter, except in baronial residences, was the only part to be met with, and when complete had the addition of parlours. It was the custom to have windows opening from these parlours and passages into the chapel, hall, and kitchen, with the view of overlooking or controlling what might be going on.

The hall of the country squire was the usual scene of eating and hospitality. At the upper end of it was placed the "high table," which was elevated a little from the level of the floor, and here the master of the mansion presided with an authority, if not a state, which almost equalled that of the potent baron. The table was divided into upper and lower messes by a high saltcellar, and the rank and consequence of the visitors were marked by the situation of their seats above and below the saltcellar; a custom which not only distinguished the relative dignity of the guests, but extended likewise to the nature of the provision—the wine frequently circulating only above the saltcellar, and the dishes below it being of a coarser kind than those near the head of the table.

The usual fare of country gentlemen was four, five, or six dishes. They on great occasions consumed butchers' meat, and vied with the nobility in rare and costly viands. They ate herons, peacocks, pheasants, and all sorts of good fish, flesh, and fowl. Their dinner hour was about eleven o'clock, and



then they retired, in the summer time, to their garden or orchard in order to partake of the banquet or desert. From the banquet it was usual to retire to evening prayer (a good custom, but now no longer followed), and thence to supper about five or six o'clock; so that there were in reality but two meals a day—but these were good ones. Queen Elizabeth had on her breakfast table a dish of herrings, a steak of beef, and a gotch of old ale, among other delicacies. It was no wonder that she was so stout-hearted.

The supper, which on days of festivity was often protracted to a late hour, and was quite as substantial as the dinner, was succeeded, especially at Christmas, by gambols of various sorts, and sometimes the squire and his family would mingle in the amusements, or, retiring to the tapestried parlour, would leave the hall to the more boisterous mirth of their household. Then would the blind harper, who sold his fit of mirth for a groat, be introduced, either to provoke the dance or to arouse their wonder by his minstrelsy; his "matter" being for the most part stories of old time, either of prose romances or historical rhymes.

The posset at bedtime closed the joyous day, a custom to which Shakespeare has now and then alluded. Thus, Lady Macbeth says of her surfeited grooms, "I have drugged their possets." Thomas Heywood, a contemporary with Shakespeare, has particularly noticed this "posset" as occurring just before bedtime. "Thou shalt be welcome to beef and bacon, and perhaps a bag pudding, and my daughter Nell hall pop a posset upon thee when thou goest to bed."

An old English squire of those days is a picture well worth framing. I only wish we had a few such, with all their faults, to stand in the place of some of our mean, despicable, pompous, proud, big, little, ridiculous, squirearchy, many of whom would, from their little haggling ways, have been much better born to a grocer's or huxter's shop. Such a character as the following was not uncommon three hundred years ago. It is drawn from the life by an old hand, old Stowe, and is well worth the reading:—

“The old squire's name was Hastings. He was an old gentleman of an old family, with old notions, and he lived in old times. He was of a fair standing stature, but strong and active. He was of a ruddy complexion, with ripe flaxen hair. His clothes were always of green cloth. His house was of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, rabbits, and fish-ponds. He had a long narrow bowling-green in it, and he used to play with quoits and bowls. Here, too, he had a banquetting room, built like a stand in a large tree. He kept all sorts of hounds that ran—buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger—and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short winged. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrow bones, and full of hawk perches. The upper end of it was hung with fox skins of this and the last year's killing. Here and there a polecat was intermixed, and hunter's poles in great abundance.

“The parlour was a large room completely furnished in the same style. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels. One or two of



HAWKING IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

the great chairs had litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed. Of these three or four always attended him at dinner, and a little white wand lay by his trencher to defend it if they were too troublesome.

"In the windows, which were very large, lay his arrows, cross-bows, and the like. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting and hawking poles. His oyster table stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a day all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters both at dinner and supper, with which the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him.

"At the upper end of the room stood a small table with a double desk, one side of which held a church Bible, the other the book of common prayer, and book of martyrs. On different tables in the room lay hawks' hoods, bells, old hats with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasant eggs, tables, dice, cards, and tobacco pipes. At one end of his room was a door which opened into a small closet, where stood bottles of strong beer and wine, that never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house (for he was a temperance man, and never exceeded one glass, nor permitted others). Answering to this closet was a door into an old chapel, which had been long disused for devotion. But in the pulpit, as the safest place, was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple pie, with a thick crust well baked. His table cost him not much, although it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton, except on Fridays, when he had fish, often caught by himself.

He never wanted a London pudding, and he always sung it in with 'My post lies within a.' He drank a glass of wine at meals, put syrup of gillyflowers into his sack, and had always a large glass of small beer standing by him, which he stirred about with rosemary. He lived to be a hundred, and never lost his eyesight, nor used 'glasses.' He got on horseback without help, and rode to the death of the stag till he was past four score. Peace be with his ashes, and with all those who emulate him !"



## The Ugly Dog of the Castle.



HERE is a curious story told of old Hastings, relating to his "boyhood." He was, it seems, the only son of his father, one of the old feudal barons of the day. Like most other "barons," he went to the wars in France, and like them, he was "killed one day," leaving his only son behind him, with his widowed mother, who lived in an old castle surrounded by old dogs, domestics, and old customs. The youthful heir was of course greatly beloved by his mother, who took every care of him, watching him daily and nightly, for fear of the machinations of her husband's elder

brother, Manfred, the heir to all the domains surrounding them, should it so happen that young Hastings died before

he came of age. In those wicked times, when the will of man was law, and when justice could rarely reach the strong and powerful, it was not uncommon for young "heirs" to be "put away" to save trouble; and the designing Manfred laid a plot for the kidnapping of the youth, and the transporting of him to some foreign shore, while he might enjoy the estate and large possessions, and live a life of pleasure and wickedness.

So he laid a plot to this effect:—He first began by corrupting, till then, a faithful servant named Morchair, who engaged two ruffians to assist him in his cruel attempt on the life or liberty of this poor child. They were to take advantage of the first opportunity to secure him, and they tried many stratagems, by waylaying him in the woods, or other places to which he resorted for sport and recreation. At last, however, a violent storm took place, thunder, lightning, and hail shook the old battlements of the castle to their foundation, and under the power of this "hurly-burly" of the elements, Morchair and his associates broke into the window of the room in which the youth slept, carried him off unresistingly along the battlements, and descended with him into the court-yard of the mansion.

But now comes the difficult and wonderful part of the story, which puts me in mind of the fable of the "Lion and the Mouse," and shows how good it is for us to never lose the opportunity of doing a kind turn to a fellow-creature, which, as has been said, is like casting our bread upon the waters, which is found to return forty-fold to us in other days.



MORCHAIR CARRYING OFF YOUNG HASTINGS.



The falconer and houndsman belonging to the boy's father, had an ugly pup, which was a great deal of trouble to him, inasmuch as it had such a propensity for "gnawing," that it at one time ate up "my lady's slippers;" at another, it made a meal of "a pair of leggings." It also devoured gloves by the score when it could get at them, and did all kinds of damage upon leather in any shape, whether belonging to harness, trunks, or buskings. So a cord was got, and a huge stone was got, and water was at hand, and will was ready, and the unfortunate "pup" was just upon the point of being swung into the stew or fish-pond of the castle, without any remorse, when young Hastings interposed, begged the pup off, and taking, as he said, a fancy to his ugliness, brought him up till he turned into a great fierce savage dog of the blood-hound species, and was set loose at night to prowl about wherever he would, keeping good watch and ward through every nook and corner of the castle.

When, however, Morchair determined to make the abduction of the youth, he had taken especial care to decoy "Grimtooth" away, for that was the dog's name, and he had fed him well, and chained him to a tree at some distance from the castle. But Grimtooth fancied, for dogs will fancy, that something was going to be that ought not to be, so he tugged and pulled at his chain till he broke it, and with part of it rattling behind him, he dashed forwards towards his master's window, under which he usually slept. He soon discovered he was gone, and as soon knew by the scent which way he went. He sprang after his master, and presently came up with him;

the poor boy was struggling with his captor, and in the midst of the affray, Grimtooth sprung upon the wicked Morchair, and pinned him to the ground. Thereupon young Hastings took courage, and snatching a sword from one of the fellows' belts, made a fierce assault upon him, while at the same time the yells and barkings of the dog aroused the inmates of the castle, and in a few minutes torches appeared on every side, and vassals and domestics, and among them the mother of Hastings, into whose arms he ran with joy. The two ruffians were secured; the wretch Morchair, was nearly torn to pieces by the faithful animal, who held him by the throat. He was at last taken off, but he had done his work; the wretch presently expired, but not, however, without making a full confession of who had suborned him to this wicked and cruel deed. So ends the old chronicle, from which we may learn a lesson, as I have already hinted.



# Answers to Botanical Questions

IN OUR ANNUAL FOR 1860.

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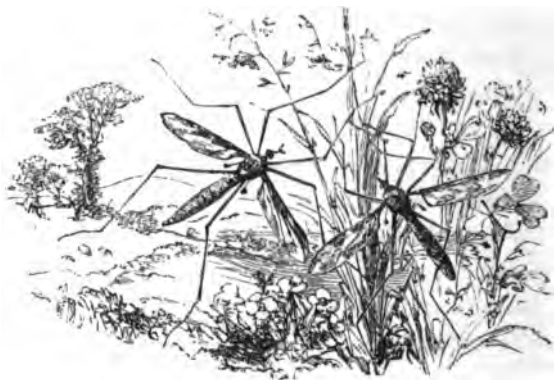
'Tis dull, morose, to be alone:  
A *Pear* is sociable you'll own.  
We may suppose that in a dance  
No tree can like the *Caper* prance.  
The first tree you expect to reach  
Nearest the sea must be a *Beech*.  
I ask in what tree but a *Bay*  
Could any ship at anchor lay.  
Ladies who languish, fret, and whine,  
May vent their griefs beneath the *Pine*.  
No true chronologist will state  
Any event ~~without~~ a *Date*.  
Even the poor *Crab*, so much despised,  
Is by the fisher highly prized.  
Irish nurse, on chair or truckle,  
To her babe cries "*Honey*" suckle.

When the seared leaves the cold winds stir,  
What tree can be so warm as *Fir*?  
The housewife, if she swept her room  
With any plant, would choose the *Broom*.  
Most trees afford a club for strife,  
The *Bread Tree* yields the staff of life.  
One tree would say, had it a tongue,  
*O-range* with me the woods among.  
To the sad heart hope who can give?  
There's comfort in the name, *O-live*.  
Should trees fall out and come to knocks,  
First in the fray would be the *Box*.  
Though Sol's bright rising meet your view,  
Still may you see the *tree-rose*, too.  
Some trees are quick, we also know,  
Others, like lazy folks, are *Slow*.  
When neither hill nor vale appear,  
A *Plane* most likely will appear.  
If all to kiss trees should combine,  
*Tulips* should be press'd close to mine.  
Some trees for food, and some for use,  
But there is only one that's *Spruce*.  
Trees facing north, an old man would,  
Without doubt, call a *Southernwood*.  
In schoolmasters' whipping botany  
Ranks before *Birch* not any tree.  
When fairies Cinderella dressed,  
The *Sandal* her neat ankles press'd.

What tree's immortal? I reply  
The *Arbor Vitæ* cannot die.  
What tree with billiards finds a place?  
I've got my cue—it is the *Mace*.  
Cockneys, 'tis true, might sup or dine,  
But vine would vant without the *Vine*.

A. M.

*Hanwell College, April 1, 1860.*



## School Friendship.

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**H**OW many of my young friends recollect the warm-hearted quarrels and the warm-hearted friendships of their school-boy days! Even to look back on our wrangles and jangles, and kickings and cuffings, affords a kind of delight. What must it be, then, when we recur to those instances of kindness, of love, of devotion, of friendship, of mutual self-sacrifice which noble-hearted youths make for each other.

One of these I have to relate. It is a true story, and perhaps not a very uncommon one, for in our early days instances of affection and disinterestedness are not so rare as they become when we have met with the buffetings, the shinkings, the hair-pullings, and other untoward behaviour of this odd sort of a world. Thus, blessed are those who die young. But, to my story.

Yorkshire schools have been somewhat severely handled by Mr. Charles Dickens. I can acquit him of any malevolent feeling, for there is not a grain of grit in his heart, to say nothing of ill-feeling; yet Yorkshire schools received through

him a severe blow and heavy discouragement. It is well, therefore, for me to show, as a rush-light against sun-light, the other side of the statue.

It was in the year 1833 that a rare old schoolmaster of the antique kind was sitting in his high-backed chair, with spectacles on nose, reading the "Yorkshire Stingo," a leading Conservative journal, which came out on Saturdays, which is a *holiday* in Yorkshire schools, when his attention was attracted by the following advertisement:—"Wanted to place in a school, a youth, aged eleven years, for two years certain. Schooling to be paid for in advance."

Now, Mr. Timothy Bobbins—for that was the name of the schoolmaster—being a little behindhand in his accounts with bakers, grocers, tapsters, and the like, and having a wife and nine children to provide for—the youngest being, as they say of belligerent powers, in "arms"—looked upon this as the very thing to redeem his case and credit; "for," said he, "two years' schooling in advance will be £50; and £50 in a lump will enable me to settle my baker's bill like a man, and be no more afraid of meeting Doughboy in the street. It will also give me the opportunity of being bold with Timothy Fig, who, instead of looking at me, as he now does, as sour as his own vinegar, will be as sweet as his best sixpenny sugar; and Scraggs, the butcher, will no longer lower upon me as I sit in church, but will pucker up the selvages of his mouth till they become smiling dimples; and I shall feel as bold as a lion when I walk abroad, and shan't care who is my uncle."

Having eased his mind by these unspoken thoughts, he put

down the paper, and replied in concise terms to the advertisement; sent the letter to the post, and taking his spectacles from his nose, rubbed his hands, gave a slap on his buckskins in the way a Yorkshireman alone can, and began to think that the sun of prosperity was beginning to shine through a little chink upon his gloomy prospects; for when a man is in debt, however small the debt may be, all about him is dark and gloomy and full of imps of dread, hobgoblins of fear, and scarecrows of anticipation. Providence had given poor old Bobbins a great deal of misfortune; but in the midst of the most boisterous, cloudy, or stormy weather, a rainbow of hope shone ever out upon the gloom, and made the poor old fellow comparatively cheerful.

The very next day but one—a gig, or rather a cart, or a vehicle between a gig, a cart, a tumbril, and a phaeton, was seen driving up the avenue of black poplars which led to Brazen-nose Academy. By the side of the driver sat a fair-haired, mild-looking youth, with a dejected countenance, and behind them were three or four boxes, a fishing rod, a couple of bats, and a lot of other odd matters. The driver stopped at the door; Dr. Bobbins came to it. The youth leaped out; his boxes were taken into the hall, himself into the parlour, and the next moment saw the driver going at a spanking rate through the avenue, and Eugene Swainton duly seated on an easy-chair, while the schoolmaster was perusing a letter with which the youth had introduced himself.

“Good,” said the schoolmaster as he turned over the first page of the letter; “very good,” he then ejaculated, as five



£10 notes fell out of the letter upon the floor; "very good indeed, my young sir," he continued, as he picked up the notes; and "remarkably satisfactory and very much to the purpose," he muttered, as he scrutinized the said notes for the Bank of England water mark. "You are welcome to Brazen-nose Academy," said the doctor, rising and shaking hands with the boy. "You will receive a first-rate education here—plenty of streams to fish in—lots of fun on the moors—a fair day in the next town five times in the year—badgers drawn every market day—cock-fighting at Whitsuntide—pigeon shooting at Midsummer—wild fowl hunting at Christmas—and lots of study, and plenty of play all the year round. As to the boys, they are all, with the exception of that cross-eyed boy, Mangles, and the little humpbacked urchin, Skeet—first-rate specimens of fraternity. Their mothers send them cakes every week, and their fathers now and then a bushel of apples or so—a sack of nuts or so—a basket of grapes or so. You will be as happy as a fly in a treacle tub, and have a great deal more freedom—that is, if you stick to your studies; if you don't, I shall stick——"

"You"—he would have said, but when he looked at the mild and gentle expression of the boy's face, the word, like Macbeth's *amen*, *sticked* or stuck in his throat.

"Oh, I am quite sure I shall be happy," said the boy. "That you shall," returned the schoolmaster; "and so come with me, and I will show you the Happy Valley, quite on the model of Rasselas, in which you will feel as comfortable as Sinbad the sailor on the back of the great roc." So he took

him out at a back door, and passing over a little paddock opened a gate that led to a small wood, after which he came upon a deep dell, full of heather, harebells, fern, and grass. This was the playground of the boys, and here were about fifty of them engaged in hog-over-hie, hunt the stag, leapfrog, and several other games. "Here is a new pupil,"



cried the master, and in a moment Eugene was seized by the legs, toppled head over heels, and rolled down the banks to the bottom of the dell, amid cheers of the most vociferous delight. He was rolled over and over again, and as soon as he stood upon his right end, young Mangles leaped upon his back, crying out, "Go on, Neddy! gee up, Neddy!" while another boy behind, named Ramsbottom, made such a butt with his head at the nethermost centre of Eugene's perpendicular, as to throw "horse and rider" into a small mire or pool at the bottom of the dell.

"That is *splashacious*," said the humpbacked little boy, who stood grinning. "They went clean into the mud, and dirty out of it. He! he! he!" and then the little urchin rubbed his hands again.

Eugene thought this a very bad specimen of the happiness of the Vale of Delight, but before he could get out of the pool with the boy who had leaped upon his back, a second boy



tried to leap on the back of the first, and the whole went under water the second time; the schoolmaster standing at the edge of the pond, exhibiting the same agitation and distress as a poor hen does when she sees her hatch of ducklings floundering in the water without having the courage to help them. However, Bobbins took up one of the boys' sticks and vowed that he would beat them all into mummies, and said something about massacre if they did not desist.

Order being restored, Eugene received the congratulations of his fellows in a more comfortable manner, and shook hands with all of them. One, who was the proprietor of a donkey, sent him by his mother that he might not fatigue himself too much in the hot weather, said, "You shall have the loan of my Neddy for nothing, whenever you like." Another called out, "I say, Jollyraw, or New-come, or whatever your name is, I shall have a lump of gingerbread next week as big as a chaise cushion, and you may have as much of it as you choose." A third promised the boy a share in his marbles and bonce eyes; a fourth that he might fly *his* kite when he felt inclined; a fifth said he would lend him his skates when



the cold weather came; a sixth said he would show him a kingfisher's nest; in short, most of the boys had either something to offer Eugene, or said some kind thing or other.

Thus, in a few minutes the lad was as much welded and amalgamated with his new schoolfellows as if he had known them all for a thousand years.

The letter which Dr. Bobbins read to himself when the five £10 notes fell therefrom was as follows:—"Sir,—With this the bearer, Eugene Swainton, comes to hand. I trust you will take care that his education is well attended to. The rudiments in Latin and Greek, commercial arithmetic, and other useful branches, must be acquired, with sound religious instruction. On the termination of the second year fifty pounds more will be sent you, provided the boy is well treated and makes good progress. His parents and relations are all at Antigua, but some of them expect to be in England before long. Any letter necessary to be sent may be addressed to J. H., Deacon's Coffee House, Walbrook, which will be attended to.—Yours, JOHN HOBBS."

"Well," said Bobbins, after he had perused the epistle, "this is a neat way of doing business, and a very improved one. Pay beforehand is an excellent invention. What a deal of trouble would it save me were the custom universal, for I have as much trouble to get in my school bills every July as if I had no right to them whatever. One man wants me to take his out in coals—another in candles—a third in groceries—a fourth in flour—a sixth in potatoes, and a seventh in beer; so that money—blessed money—is a thing scarcely ever to be seen. Capital plan, this pay beforehand—I wish there was an act of parliament to make such a custom imperative;" and in this wise did Bobbins continue to ruminate for some

time, every now and then having serious belief that the whole affair was a dream, or vision, or hallucination. So he held



up the bank notes to the light again, and rubbed them between his fingers to satisfy himself that they were *real*.

It is not for me to say how the two years passed away which it was intended that the £50 should cover, but they flitted away fast enough, as did also the five £10 notes. Eugene went on rapidly with his studies, and by his courteous, manly, gentle, and cheerful bearing ingratiated himself not only with his tutor, but also with all his schoolfellows. He was always ready for an adventure or a bit of fun, but he rarely got into a scrape, and took care to keep his companions within the bounds of prudence and moderation. The two years at last expired, and Eugene was looking forward for another two years of happiness. Dr. Bobbin was also looking out for another fifty pounds. He anxiously awaited the post coming in morning after morning—but no letter: three months passed away—then six—then nine. Bobbin began to despair, as he thought seriously of his family of ten children, for another had been added to the original stock. The poor schoolmaster was as hard up as any poor schoolmaster could be—things had again fallen into arrear—he could not walk boldly into the town—he could not hold up his head like a man, when at church. He felt constrained to sneak and to dodge about, and began to experience again the horrors of being in debt.

With all this he felt that he loved the poor boy. He had been so clever and so docile, he could not bear to dismiss him from his roof. But he took occasion one morning after breakfast to reveal to him how matters stood; gently hinting that should no reply be received to the numerous letters he had addressed to J. H., he then must make up his mind to do

something for his own living by entering into a mercantile situation of some kind. "However," said the kindhearted man, "I shall not advise this at present, but will wait for another three months to see what may turn up in your favour."

Eugene was, as may be supposed, very much affected by hearing of his misfortune, but expressed a readiness of immediately taking to a mercantile life. "I can go out," said he, "as a junior clerk, or a shop boy, or a sailor; and it will be hard indeed if I can't get my own living in some way."

The three months soon passed away; but the good old schoolmaster added to them other three months: these passed away, and no remittance or tidings from J. H.; and poor Eugene, who seemed as if he was to have been brought up for a genteel sphere of life, had no alternative but to labour for his living. At last, the peculiarity of his situation became known to the boys of the school, and it is a great delight for me to be able to say that most of them had their hearts in the right places. Having made themselves fully acquainted with the position of their schoolmate, they held a consultation among themselves, which ended in their sending a deputation to the schoolmaster, entreating him to suffer their beloved companion to remain in the school, and offering to give up the whole of their pocket-money towards reimbursing him. The good old master was affected by so generous an offer, and declared that could he receive but half the usual charge he would be satisfied. Then commenced a contest among the boys as to who should be first in the subscription. The boy who had



the donkey sold it, and put himself at the head of the list. Mangles also, seized with a generous sympathy—for goodness, like wickedness, is sometimes catching—dived deeply into his money box; and even the humpbacked boy, who was generally so malevolent, suffered the good spirit to whisper a kind thought in his heart. They collected their little all; many who had no money sold their toys and instruments of amusement, and all made self-sacrifices one way or the other.

This noble and generous conduct seemed to unite the boys more and more together, as they rallied round one who was now the leader in all their sports. The time went on joyfully—not without hope—and not one cruel remark or unkind reflection ever passed the lips of one of the boys. Nor was Eugene ungrateful. He rose early in the morning, and performed many essential services to his young friends, by getting ready their books, helping them in their tasks, and assisting them in matters almost menial; and never perhaps was a school more united, or the scholars and master more happy, than in this display of real kindness.

At about the middle of the second year of this devotion on the part of the boys—it was when the sun was highest in the heavens, and the word *fag* was written on all school things, preparatory to the Midsummer examination and breaking up—that the crack of a whip and the rattle of the wheels of a post-chaise were heard coming up the old avenue to the school. Presently a dusty vehicle appeared post haste;—within it sat a lady and gentleman, and behind it rode a servant on horseback. Bobbins was immediately at his portal gates; the lady

and gentleman alighted, the lady exclaiming with a hysterical voice, "Where is my child, my boy, my Eugene?"

"Here, here!" cried out the youth, and rushed into his mother's arms, who covered him with kisses, and swooned.

She was quickly taken into the house, and by the application of restoratives was soon herself again; but who shall depict the joy that then illuminated the countenances of the youth and of the strangers? In them Eugene beheld his father and mother, who, after long absence, having been taken prisoners by a Mexican squadron, and kept in confinement for two years, had at last reached England with a handsome fortune, and with the intention of spending their future lives in their native land.

From that moment all studies were at an end—the school broke up that very night. Mr. Swainton made all the boys handsome presents, a great gala was determined upon; and on the following day such an immense quantity of "creature comforts" were sent in from the neighbouring town, with variegated lamps, flags, devices, and fireworks, as to be perfectly astonishing. For three successive nights there was nothing but fun and frolic and illuminations. Dear old Bobbins had a hundred pound note put into his hand, with which he danced round and round the big bonfire till he could dance no longer. In a few days Eugene took leave of his companions with an aching heart, and with lots of weeping eyes. On the following morning a cart load of toys and articles of amusement of all sorts and descriptions, from a peg top to a model steam engine, made their appearance. Every boy

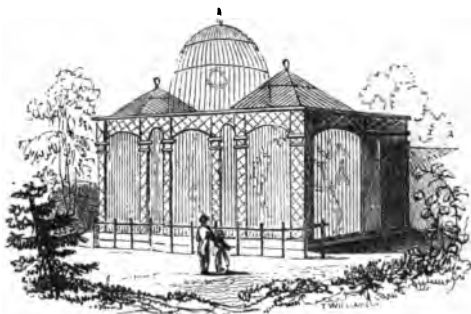
received an invitation to the house of Mr. Swanton, near London, and most of them repaired thither to spend their



holidays, which they did with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction.

Eugene never forgot the devotion of his old school friends ; several of them were assisted into good situations ; others had the felicity of his continued friendship, which was not transient, but survived year after year, and only ceased when the grave closed upon their love.

May we all, my young friends, look upon the misfortunes of others as opportunities given to us to perform acts of kindness, and to do service to those who are in want of it. Be assured, if we do not meet with all the return we wish, and ought to expect in this world, that there is One above who looks down with a benignant eye upon our doings, and who will not fail to reward us in his own good way and his own good time.



# Natural History and Management of Pets.

PARROTS, COCKATOOS, OWLS, HAWKS, ETC.

## PARROTS.



THE parrots constitute a distinct genus of birds of the order of "picæ," and they are a very numerous race. They are found in hot countries, and abound in the East and West Indies, on the coasts of Guinea, in Africa, in South America, and they swarm in most of the islands of the "Pacific," and are far more common in these places than rooks are in

England. They are very sagacious in their wild state; they associate together in flocks, and mutually assist each other against their enemies. They generally breed in the hollows of tall trees, where they make round holes without any lining,

and lay two or three eggs, which are about the size of those of a pigeon.

There are a great many varieties of the parrot tribe, as the green and red parrot of China, which is a very large bird, as big as the common hen; the variegated parrot of Madagascar, which is the size of a tame pigeon; there is also the hawk-parrot, the grey parrot, the black parrot, the bloody-billed parrot, the green parrot, and the parroquet.

The most remarkable peculiarity of the parrot family is their facility for climbing and hanging by their bills or feet to the branches of trees. Their toes are formed in such a manner, that when they walk or climb they extend two forwards and two backwards; but when they hold their meat in their claws, they dexterously turn the greater hind toe forwards, and so take a firmer grasp; and, contrary to the practice of other animals, they turn their feet outwards in bringing the food to their mouths, standing at the same time on the other leg.

The upper mandible of the bill of the parrot is separated from the skull bone, whereby the bird is enabled to open its mouth to a greater extent—which is necessary to this bird, as the bill is so much hooked that otherwise it could not be opened wide enough to receive its food. The beak also assists in climbing, catching hold of the boughs of the trees with it as with a hook, and then drawing its legs upwards; then again advancing its head and afterwards its feet, for its legs are not adapted for hopping from bough to bough, as are those of other birds.

The tongue of the parrot somewhat resembles that of the human species. It is thought by some, and denied by others, that it is from this circumstance that it can be taught to imitate human speech better than any other bird. The voice of the raven, and that of the jay and magpie, are not equal to that of the parrot.

The celebrity of this bird in acquiring the faculty of speech, its sagacity in manners, and the aptitude of many of its interrogatories and answers when once taught, are such as to induce many persons to bestow great care upon its education, and hence it becomes one of the commonest of pets.

A great many diverting stories have been told of the conversational powers of this bird, some of which are very droll and very ridiculous. It is said that a few years ago, a very handsome one, and one that could sing "God save the Queen," was sent to her Most Gracious Majesty (for every one loves the Queen, and would send her anything rare or beautiful). The bird liked his royal quarters amazingly, and he was quite a favourite; but at last, while he was being admired and caressed, he cried out, "Pretty Polly, pretty Polly. Polly is worth fifty pounds. Send fifty pounds for Polly, or Polly will go back."

*Management of Parrots.*—As the parrot is a native of hot countries, it requires to be kept warm in the winter. They should have a large cage, not less than 12 feet cubic in its area, with a claw perch at each end, and a swinging ring in the middle. The food should be boiled Indian corn, biscuits soaked in milk, given milk-warm, various seeds, nuts,

grains, and fruit. Care should be taken to change their food, and not over-feed them. They should be kept very clean,



The Cockatoo.—See next page.

have plenty of gravel at the bottom of the cage, and have glass troughs, or boxes, for their food. Their diseases are

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similar to those of other birds, and should be treated accordingly.

#### THE COCKATOO.

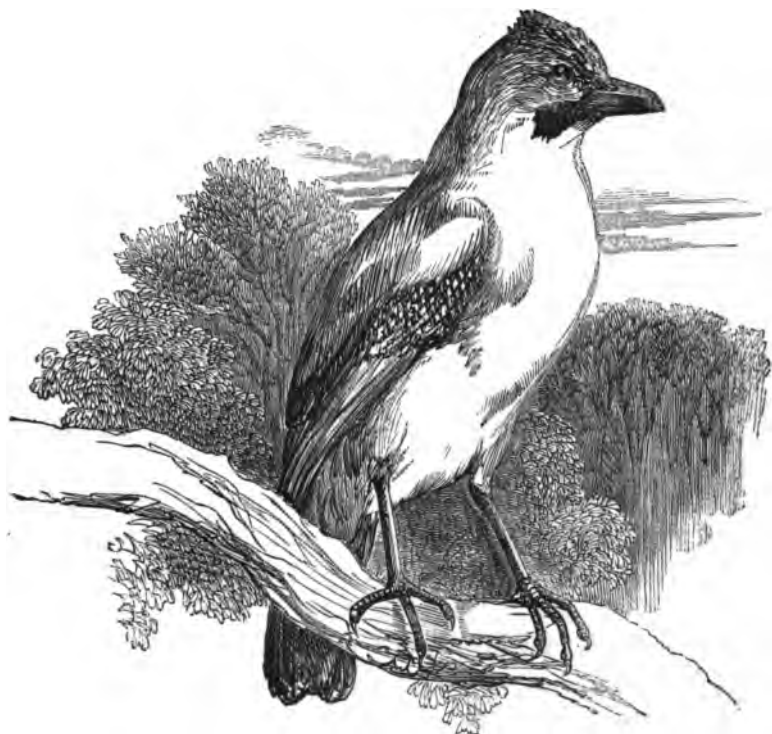
This bird belongs to the parrot family. He is generally a native of Australia and the Indian Islands, inhabiting the woods, and feeding on seeds and fruit. They make their nests in decayed trees, and when taken young are easily tamed. There are several varieties of the cockatoo, of which the "broad-crested" and the "sulphur-crested" are the most common. Their management and treatment is in every way the same as that of the parrot.

#### THE JAY.

The jay is a well-known and also a very handsome bird; it is a native of most parts of Britain, and there is a species of it found in most warm and temperate countries. There is the blue jay of Carolina and the East Indies, the buff jay of Madras, the yellow jay, and the green jay, all distinguished by the variety of their plumage more than by their habits.

Like parrots, jays can be taught a variety of words and sounds, particularly those of a harsh and grating nature, and have been known to imitate the "tune" of a saw, a file, and a "grindstone" with great perfection. They sometimes assemble in great numbers in the spring, and seem to hold a

conference, probably for the purpose of pairing and of fixing upon the districts they are to occupy.



The jay builds in woods, and makes an artless nest, composed of sticks, fibres, and slender twigs, lays five or six eggs,

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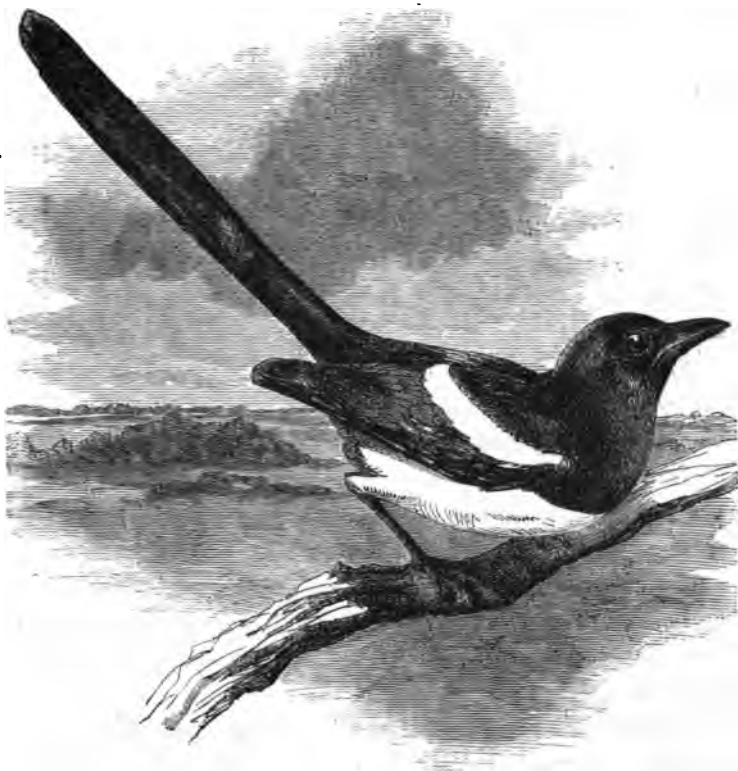
ash grey, mixed with green, and spotted with a faint brown. In a state of nature he feeds on acorns, beech-mast, corn, beans, and the like. When domesticated he should have a good-sized cage. If kindly treated he will not fly away, but will attach himself to the premises, and may be "let out" to take an airing with safety. He is full of odd tricks, and especially of hiding things in holes and corners, in which he imitates the magpie.

#### THE JACKDAW AND MAGPIE.

The magpie is a very interesting and curious bird; he is full of tricks, and does a great many odd things, and has a very peculiar arch and comic look, the very impersonation of impudence and mischief. He is a quarrelsome bird, intrudes himself into other birds' nests, which he often scratches to pieces, and breaks their eggs, and eats the young ones. He, however, may be often seen standing for an hour at a time on a sheep's back picking out the ticks, which is doing some good. He also is a great devourer of snails and slugs. To tame him, it is best to get him young, and feed him upon bread and milk, with eggs boiled hard; as he grows up he will feed upon every variety of grain, vegetable or animal food; and to get him to talk, the string under his tongue must be clipped, and the words or thing he has to imitate be repeatedly said to him.

The jackdaw is, like the magpie, a talking bird, and, like him also, is fond of stealing and hiding glittering articles,

such as silver or gold, trinkets, jewels, &c. In a wild state nothing comes amiss to him, and he feeds upon fish, flesh,



fowl, and fruit like any gentleman bird. When tamed he may be suffered to run about and amuse himself; but woe be

to any unfortunate kitten unable to get out of his way, or other "small deer." In a garden he will eat the snails, grubs, worms, and will not stand particular upon a young frog, or even a newly-hatched duck.

### THE OWL.

Many boys have a great liking for owls. It is the bird of wisdom, and therefore they associate it with the Greek and Latin sages and their "Book Learning."

The owl family is very numerous, and comprehends, among others, the barn owl, the tawny owl, the horned owl, the snow owl, &c.

There is something in the character of the owl so solitary and mysterious, something so discordant in the tones of its voice, heard only amid the silence and gloom of the night, in dark and dismal situations, as to frighten many persons. Boys, however, always proceed upon the subjoined esthetic maxim: "I wasn't born in a wood to be scared by an owl," and so they hunt for owls' nests in the "ivy-grown tower;" and a nest of young owls is a delight to them greater than any that can come from "school pancakes" or any other *hand-some* thing.

The barn-door owl is common in almost every part of this country. It conceals itself by day amid the deep recesses of ivy-clad ruins, in antique church towers, in the hollows of old trees, in barns, hay-lofts, and other out-houses. Towards twilight it quits its perch, and takes a regular circuit round

the fields, skimming along the ground in quest of field-mice, rats, moles, shrews, and large insects. During the time the



young are in the nest, the male and female alternately sally out to obtain food for them, and bring in their prey in their

paws, and the quantity of "vermin" they will destroy in a season is prodigious. This could never have been ascertained



but for the circumstance of the owl voiding up the skins of each individual "beast" it swallows, in the form of a pellet ;

and the number of these pellets which have been found close to an owls' nest, has proved that a pair of old owls and four or five young ones must have eaten no less than from two to three thousand, in one year, of mice, moles, shrews, and the like.

The way to manage young owls is to take them in the nest. They should be kept warm, and may be fed on snails, grubs, and such kinds of food. They will, as they grow older, relish a mouse, a young bird, or other delicacy of the kind. They want no cage. If their wings are clipped, they will run about an enclosed garden, and roost at night in a tool or out-house. They may be thus made very useful in a garden. In the specimen in the opposite page, which is called the hawk owl, the external ear is very small, and the bird is not quite of so nocturnal a character as the barn owl, but its habits are very similar.





## Saturday Afternoon.

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**I** LOVE to see, when the "tasks" are done,  
The boys go out to play,  
To hear their shouts, and to note their fun  
Upon this holiday.  
Oh, it stirs the blood of my old heart,  
And makes its pulses fly,  
As if they had wings like soaring birds,  
To mount above the sky.

Play on, play on, I am with you, boys,  
In heart, and mind, and soul,  
In the daring jump, or the breathless swing,  
In the shot-like cricket bowl.  
I join with you in the "jingling match,"  
In "golf" or "prisoner's base,"  
In "blindman's buff," or in "baste the bear,"  
In "foot-ball" or the "race."

Play on, play on, my gallant boys ;  
Though I am growing old,  
My heart, when warmed by such scenes as these,  
Can never be quite cold.  
In truth, I feel like a boy again,  
When I behold you play,  
And long to join, though with hobbling gait,  
Your merry holiday.



## Within and Without ; or, Feeding the Deer.

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COME, now—all is warm, and snug, and cozy ; within there is a good blazing fire in the drawing-room, another in the dining-room, a glorious one in the old hall, and a “stunner” in the kitchen. We are surrounded with creature comforts : we have had roast beef and plum pudding, turkey and chine, a noble pheasant, our Suffolk pride, and we have had syllabub, and trifle, and wassail ; and we are going to dance by-and-by, and kiss under the mistletoe ; and we “won’t go home till morning.”

Stop, stop, my masters !—pray don’t go a-head so fast ! Bless God for all your enjoyments ; be grateful for what you get ; sing hallelujah, if you like, for a good appetite, nimble legs to dance with, and for a good voice to hallo and shout with, and when you have done these, remember that there are two sides to every picture. You are on the right side, some are on the wrong.

While we are thus enjoying our creature comforts within, how is it without? The skies are dark, the forest trees are leafless, the earth is covered with a winding-sheet of snow, and the cold north wind is raging fiercely and cruelly. The little birds have but poor shelter, the sheep and the cattle shiver in the keen blast, and poor old donkeys in by-lanes, and on grassless commons fare scantily indeed, and look woefully miserable; and how is it among the poor, and the wretched, the hard-working labourer, and the artizan; they who do so much for us and can do so little for themselves in the season of winter, when sickness perhaps looks in at the window, and death lies at the door, and loss of work brings poverty and all its horrors upon them? How fares merry Christmas with these? for them no roast beef or plum pudding, or mince pies, smoke upon the board; no trifles or jellies, blanchmanges or syllabubs, quiver for them; they mingle not in the merry dance or elegant quadrille, nor listen to the harp or pianoforte. To groan on a bundle of rags or a straw bed is their music, and a cold potato and a red herring are their Christmas fare. Take physic, pomp! Oh, may we not say—we whom fortune may have favoured with her good gifts—may we not say, with our divine bard, Shakespeare—

“Have we not toyed too long  
In painted pinnace down the stream of life,  
’Witch’d with the landscape, while the weary rowers  
Faint at the groaning oar?”

Let us not forget, then, my dear children, even in the midst of

our home delights, that there are others to care for in this world as well as ourselves. Our great example, in whose name "Christmas" is instituted, taught us that our mission of love was to others rather than ourselves—to the weak, to the poor, to the sick, to the sorrowful, and to the helpless. Let us be worthy of this high mission. Let us not sit down to our sumptuous revelries without having done our duty to the poor and needy, by helping them to keep joyfully that season which reminds us of our "salvation," and the good tidings of the Gospel, and of "glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will towards men." Having done this, we may indeed sit down with cheerful hearts, and rise up on the tip-toes of joy for a romp or a dance; and feel that in them there is worship, and in them there is praise.

In winter time there is not a prettier sight than to see the herdsman go out into the forest with fodder for the deer. The poor creatures would fare very hardly but for his care. This they seem to know and to understand, and so they come to him in "faith and hope," and are tame and gentle, and will sometimes come so close to him as to allow him to stroke their "innocent noses."

So let us not forget to feed the deer. All should be dear to us. And as in the cold wintry morning the deer-keeper goes forth to give fodder to half-famished herds, so let us not forget those who are in want and need.

## Song for the Volunteers.

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SOUND the "Assembly" cheerly !  
Let's muster quick and strong,  
To vindicate our country  
From insult and from wrong ;  
Some dare to say " She sleepeth  
Beside her shop and till."  
Let's show she is awakened,  
And lion-hearted still !

Stalwart and gallant " bowmen"  
Prevailed in days of yore,  
At " Poitiers" and " Cressy,"  
And famous " Agincourt ;"  
And as their arrows scattered  
Our *old* foes on the field,  
So shall our trusty rifles  
Make *new* ones quail and yield.

We arm not in "Defiance,"  
But in a just "Defence."  
We are a true "Peace Party,"  
And love not violence;  
But should some base alliance  
Of foreign foes assail,  
We'll pour our shot upon them,  
Like a fierce tempest's hail!

To guard our hearths and altars  
Like brothers we unite,  
And shoulder unto shoulder  
Press forward in the fight;  
And where the fray is thickest  
Our cohorts shall be seen,  
Ready like men to die for  
Our country and our Queen!

EDITOR.









## Brooklet Beauties and Hedgerow Delights.

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**W**HAT a delightful thing it is to have a taste for simple pleasures! Wretched indeed must those poor little children be who are brought up to know nothing of joy but what is connected with gay saloons, balls, exhibitions, fashionable follies, and the like. While happy beyond all comparison must be those who can find delight in hills and dingles, woods and coppices, brooks and brooklets, wayside flowers, and hedgerow melodies.

How lovely it is to saunter at mid-June beneath the shade of an old forest, situated in the neighbourhood of some great town, so that paths are worn through it, and you can make your way with ease in any direction. Overhead, and round about you, you hear the soft sighing or the sweet whispering of the winds; and looking upwards you see the light of heaven transmitted faintly, as if through a mass of green waters; and

as we look around we see the old patriarchs of the forest, some standing up gloriously as the monarchs of a thousand years, as they do in Martlesham thicket, and others, shattered and splintered, leaning against each other for support, or lying heavily upon the emerald carpet on which we walk, some half buried on that floor as if they had laid dead there for ages, like wrecks in the bottom of a mighty sea.

But alas! alas! the lovers of rural pleasures, brooklet beauties, and hedgerow delights, may in a few years be dispossessed of all their joys, and be compelled to stump along dry, uninteresting, and dusty roads, without relief or protection from the wind or the sun. There is a sad spirit abroad among some of our would-be aristocratic gentry—the owners of the woods, and the forests, the parks and the pasturages; they seem to begrudge the lover of nature the felicity of a look into their domains, and do all they can to shut up, to block up, to bar up, to hedge up, and to chain up God's beautiful creation from our view; and where selfishness does not do this evil work, petty spite and snobbish malice come in to do the deed. In our own neighbourhood, one petty tyrant has cut down all the trees upon the banks of a noble river, because he was beaten in a law-suit in endeavouring to divert a foot path; while another has cut down the half of a noble wood because he lost a pheasant in it. Is this conduct calculated to endear the lords of the soil to the labourer, the artizan, or even to the "greasy citizen?" Look well to it, I say, in time, for it was doings of this kind which raised the discontent of the people of France, and led to the French

Revolution and the destruction of the throne, the clergy, and aristocracy in that country.

I say, therefore, to my young friends—some of whom may be inheritors of extensive domains—spare the *field paths*, keep sacred the *beaten tracts*, reverence the ancient *landmarks*, and protect the *old trees*. Don't shut up against the lover of nature—don't divest the poor man from a short cut across your fields when he goes home from his daily toil—don't deprive us poor poets of a cool shady ramble in the hot summer days; for if you do, retribution will some day overtake you, and your ancestral mansions will fall into the hands of tea dealers, drysalters, mercers, grocers, candle-makers, shopkeepers, and the like, and you yourselves will sink into the happiest state for you—*oblivion*. "Think of that, Master Brook," as Falstaff says; and so ends our chapter upon Brooklet Beauties and Hedgerow Delights.



# Natural History and Management of Pets.

SQUIRRELS, GUINEA-PIGS, WHITE MICE, GOATS, ETC.

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THE squirrel is a lively, sagacious, docile, nimble and cleanly little animal. Like the rabbit and the hare it generally sits on its hind legs, and it uses its two fore-paws as hands to convey its food to its mouth. Its eyes are sparkling, its physiognomy is marked with meaning, and its whole appearance agreeable. It is neither carnivorous, destructive, nor mischievous, but subsists entirely on nuts and other productions of the forest. It never leaves its food to chance, but lays up a magazine of nuts against the winter in the hollow of some tree, forming its nest there with moss, twigs, and dry leaves scattered over, so that it will resist the effects of the most violent storm. It has only a single



opening at the top, which is defended from the weather by a canopy formed like a cone. Thus a single tree serves the animal for its residence and store-house, and it is enabled thereby to weather out the winter without once venturing from home. It avoids as much as possible the habitations of men, seldom appears in the open fields, but generally resides in the loftiest trees, leaping from one tree to the other with great agility, to the distance of forty feet or even more, and it is so timid that if the bottom of the tree where it lives be but struck with the foot, it instantly takes the alarm and flies to another tree.

The common squirrel inhabits most parts of Europe, North America, and the northern parts of Asia. It varies slightly in different latitudes, being often very large, while some species are even less than the English variety. The flying squirrel is one of this kind; it is furnished with a lateral membrane extending from the fore leg to the hind one, and attached to the sides of the body, which it extends in surprising leaps, and which answers the purpose of wings, like the membranaceous wings of a bat.

The tail of the common squirrel is also of great use to it in its leaps, acting in the manner of a balloon as well as a sail when it wishes to cross the water. In Lapland, and some other cold countries, when the trees are leafless, and the squirrel tribe wish to cross a lake or river, each squirrel, as if by common consent, returns to the nearest forest and provides itself with a piece of bark, upon which it boldly launches forth into the flood, its erected tail being its sail. It, how-

ever, not unfrequently happens that before the expedition can reach the opposite bank a sudden gust of wind will shipwreck the whole fleet.

Pet squirrels are kept in a cage ; but it ought to be a large one, four feet long at the least, as many high, and three feet broad, with the branches of trees erected at either end ; in this three or four squirrels might be kept, and they would hardly feel the loss of liberty. They should have a separate sleeping nest or place, from which they can run in and out from their play-ground. They may be fed upon a great variety of pulse, grain, or nut-fruit. They like wood-nuts, filberts, walnuts, beech-mast and the like, and they will eat biscuit, bread, sugar, and salt.

When tame and well-treated, some squirrels feel much affection for their keepers, and are very pretty companions ; but some of them seem never to forget the great injury inflicted upon them by those who have taken them from their bowers in the leafy woods, their mottled sunshine among the branches, their free air, and from freedom itself.

#### GUINEA-PIGS.

The guinea-pig is by some called the cody ; why it is called a guinea-pig I don't know, for it is not a pig, nor anything like one, nor does it come from Guinea. Perhaps the first animal of this kind sold for a guinea, although now those who want them may buy them for a shilling a-piece in the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials, in London.



Guinea-pigs are very gentle, timid, and inoffensive creatures. Their legs are short, and they have no tails. Like the rabbit it uses its fore-feet for paws, and like it its upper lip is divided. They are very prolific, one female guinea-pig having been known to breed fifty in one year. Their favourite food is bran, parsley, cabbage-leaves and carrot-tops, but there is hardly any kind of vegetable matter that they will not eat or nibble at. Their flesh is sometimes eaten, but they are kept for fancy and not for use. A much better and more profitable animal pet is

### THE GOAT.

The keeping of a goat unites pleasure with profit. I have kept goats for more than twenty years with delight, and have never been without a plentiful supply of good milk night and morning; and so I will tell you, presently, my young friends, how I did it. But first, of the natural qualities of the goat.

The goat is a most useful animal, affording many of the necessities and some of the luxuries of life. The milk is very nutritious and medicinal. The whey from it is reckoned highly restorative for consumptive people. The flesh of the kid is a dainty, and that of the goat almost equal to venison. Its hair and skin are also valuable, and its horns are often made very good use of.

The natural habits of the goat are to climb on rocky or stony places, to browse on the tender shoots of trees and

shrubs, and to leap from rock to rock in search of its food. In their domestic state they like to lie on a hard bed, to have a hilly habitation, and to jump about if they have the opportunity ; so in managing them this should be attended to. I bought a young female goat in London—my first. She had two young ones, females luckily. They were weaned in about six weeks, and I had nearly a quart of milk night and morning from the mother, who continued in milk for nearly three years. When the young ones “kindled” I had milk from them. One I sold for two pounds, and the other kept me in milk when the old one was breeding again ; and so I went on, from time to time renewing my stock, but always having plenty of milk—fresh, pure, and good—one pint as good as two of cow’s milk.

I had a little field in which my goats used to feed occasionally. They were staked at different parts with a long string ; but I had a boy who used to take them into the bye-lanes, where they used to browse on anything that came in their way, and returned home with well-filled skins in the evening. In the winter I fed them on ‘səʒəqqə carrots, beet-root, and all the refuse of the garden, for goats will eat almost anything. I kept them all together in one shed, with a hard floor, and a gutter running down the middle of it to let off the wet—and my goats thrive. One killed himself by eating laurel leaves, from which they must be kept, and another died from exposure to a severe night’s cold when I was from home. Nothing need be done to manage goats more than I have mentioned above, except to take care, when a goat is milked,

to milk it dry, if you wish her to give milk for a long time. I should strongly advise my young friends to keep goats.

### RABBITS.

Nothing is more pleasing to most boys than keeping rabbits. It is indeed a very pleasing thing to see them in their nice hutches, and to keep them clean, to let them have a run on the lawn or on the garden now and then, and to get food for them—and this is a boy's delight, and it shows, in those boys who are fond of it, a happy state of mind and feeling such as I like to see.

Rabbits are well known—that is to say, the common rabbit is; but there are several species of the rabbit family that ought to be mentioned, if we are to say a little concerning the natural history of this animal. The common or domestic rabbit is remarkable for its fecundity, having often four or five litters in a year, each of seven or eight rabbits. The doe rabbit goes thirty-one days with young. She makes a nice warm nest in the hay or straw of her hutch, which she lines with down plucked from her own body. In this soft and warm bed the young rabbits lie for about a fortnight, when they begin to run about and venture forth into the front of the hutch, scampering away on the least noise. After a while they get more tame and familiar, and when about a month or five weeks old may be taken away from their mother and brought up separate, and of which I shall say a little by-and-by.

I shall now say a little about the *wild rabbit*. It is almost always of a brownish-grey colour. It burrows under ground,



where it remains secure from many enemies, which are very dangerous. The female forms a separate retreat for her

young apart from the male, and having a spacious apartment at the bottom, she prepares a bed for them which is quite secure from intruders. Her brood do not venture abroad so soon as those of the tame rabbit, and when they come forth in about six weeks after birth, are very strong, and able to run out of harm's way. But, alas! poor Bunny is doomed to great disasters. He has a great many natural enemies—the kite or falcon, the rat, the wild cat, the weasel, the stoat, the fox, and the ferret all prey upon him. Yet his worst enemy is man, who captures him by his dogs, his snares, or his traps—in all cases caring nothing whatever for the cruel torture he inflicts. Both snares and traps are cruel things, for they often keep the poor rabbit in agony for the whole night, and often their cries are truly piteous; but I shall say no more of this, only to beg of my young readers to cultivate humanity for their own sakes, as well as for the sake of God's creatures.

Tame rabbits, as I said, are very pleasing companions, and therefore a few directions concerning the management of them will not be inappropriate. They are generally called *FANCY RABBITS*, and there are a great variety of them, such as the dew-lop, the horn-lop, the double-smut, and others; but whatever kind of rabbit may be fancied, the management of all is very much the same.

The first thing is choosing stock. In doing this you should always take care to select the strongest and healthiest of the brood you choose from, and to mind that none of them are "pot-bellied," for this is a kind of dropsical disease which

often terminates fatally. It is not a bad plan to purchase a doe with young, but she must be known as a good one, and a good breeder.

When you have got your rabbit, you will soon see the necessity of a rabbit-house. It should be a large hutch, not less than eight feet long and two wide, and two feet six inches high; the floor should be smooth, and free from nails, and laid a little on the incline so that the water may run off. The hutch should be divided, and have a sliding doorway separating one room from the other. The dining-room need not be so large as the sleeping-room. The edges of the doorway and of the troughs should be cased with tin, or the rabbits will soon gnaw them to pieces. The front of the hutch should have two doors, that belonging to the sleeping-apartment being made of solid wood, while that belonging to the "salle-manger," or feeding-room, being an iron grating or wire-work, both should be fastened by little bolts in front. The hutch itself should be raised on a stout wooden stand, about three feet in height, having a little platform all round it of about three inches wide, and underneath the hutch there should always be a supply of good clean gravel.

When a doe has young ones she should be very carefully attended. She should have hay given to her plentifully, for of this she will make her nest for her brood. When she has "kindled" she should not be worried, looked at, or molested in the slightest degree. A little cold water should be placed in the hutch, so that it will not upset; and at times when

the doe is very weak she may be treated to a little warm beer.

When the young ones are born they require only the attention of the mother, but as they grow, like her, they will require a constant supply of food. They will eat a great variety of vegetable food; dandelion, sow-thistle, hog-weed, tops of carrots, cabbage leaves, parsley, clover, tares, and also the tops of the broom plant. The young rabbits must have but a small portion of vegetable food, but be well supplied with bran and bruised oats; their food should also be varied as much as possible, and only a moderate quantity put into the hutch at a time. If when about six months old it should be thought advisable to "fatten" a few for the table, they should be kept in single hutches, and fed with oats, hay, a few peas, bran, and chicory.

The most important thing to attend to in the keeping of rabbits is cleanliness; if this be neglected, rabbits soon perish. They should also be kept dry, their hutches well ventilated and cleaned out twice a day, and all the refuse matter taken entirely out of the way. Should "pot-belly" show itself, the remedy is dry food and the tops of the broom plant cut small. When a rabbit has the snuffles, *i. e.* a cold in its head, it should be kept dry and warm, and fed with barley-meal and milk. Rabbits are subject also to liver and lung complaints, which are brought on by damp beds, and bad food, and too small hutches.

In all things do not "neglect" your rabbits, my youngsters.

Many take up the fancy of keeping rabbits and soon grow tired of it, leaving their pets without food. This is thoughtless and wicked; rather than do this, when the interest for the poor creatures begins to wane, sell your rabbits, my friends, and buy something not liable to neglect with the money; and of all *pets* the *rabbit on the wall* is the cheapest to keep.





# Sports and Games of England in the Olden Time.

DANCERS AND SINGERS, JUGGLERS AND OTHER  
CURIOUS PEOPLE.

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OUR forefathers were wise in their generation ; they liked amusements and understood the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy ;" therefore they loved their pastimes, and especially such exhibitions as included singing, dancing, juggling, and playing the fool.

The ancient Britons had their bards, a powerful and extraordinary race, combining in their persons the priest, the poet, and the lawgiver ; but when the Saxons settled in England the bards were more properly the "singers" of the people, and they became separated into two classes—the *glee-men*, or merry-makers, and the *harpers*, or musicians. The glee-



men united mimicry and other modes of mirth, with dancing, tumbling, and sleights-of-hand of various descriptions, many of which are precisely the same as were practised by the Egyptian magicians, and which are practised now by our modern conjurors. In a MS. of the tenth century there is the representation of an Anglo-Saxon gleeman, or juggler, throwing up three balls and three knives, and catching them alternately, and a little further on in the same MS. is a representation of the "dagger feat," in which one man standing against a board is "daggered" all round without being struck, some eight or nine short daggers or knives being placed around him close to his body in various parts.

In the time of the Normans the glee-men changed their names to *minstrels*, and filled the multifarious offices of rhymers, singers, story-tellers, jugglers, buffoons, and poets. The troubadours, or love singers, were a kind of rhymers who composed love and war songs. We all know of Blondel, who was the troubadour to Richard Cœur de Lion, and how he went and discovered the place of his imprisonment, and how he obtained his ransom.

Persons of a lower grade than the troubadours were a kind of "story-tellers." An old manuscript states that one of our kings used to keep a story-teller on purpose to lull him to sleep every night; but some untoward accident having prevented him from taking his repose so readily as usual, he desired the fabulator to tell him longer stories. He obeyed, and began one on a more extensive scale, and fell asleep in the middle of it.

These story-tellers and jesters used to frequent ale-houses, and sometimes even the houses of the great, and exhibit their drollery for what they could get. Besides these, the Norman earls and great barons who lived in their castles, emulated the pomp and state of royalty, had their poets and minstrels, who formed part of their household establishment, and who had wages, board, lodging, and clothing from their patrons, with whom they went from home. Other minstrels were their own masters, and went from castle to castle, from palace to monastery, to perform. The monks were for the most part a very jolly set, and liked good wine and walnuts, entertaining stories, good cheer, and a bit of fun.

The minstrel conjurors were called Tregetours; they were well versed in chemistry and other branches of natural philosophy, and their natural magic was very powerful, and a great many of their tricks were brought down from the earliest ages; one of them professed, "by steeping a thread in the liquor produced from *snakes' eggs* bruised, and hanging it up over a basin of water, to produce water enough in a large hall for boats to row up and down in." Some would "bring in the similitude of a grim lion, or make flowers spring up as in a meadow." Some would "cause a vine to flourish, bearing white and red grapes, or show a castle built with stone, and when they please, cause the whole to disappear." Sometimes these conjurors exhibited in a room, and at others on a table, or on a scaffold erected for their use.

These jugglers became very famous in the fourteenth century. In an old poem, Death is represented as addressing

himself to persons of all ranks and ages, and among others to a famous Tregetour of the reign of Henry V. in the following words:—

“Maister John Rykell, sometime Tregetour  
Of noble Henry Kinge of Englande,  
And of France the mighty conjurer.  
For all the slightes and turnyng of thyne hande,  
Thou must come nere this dance I understande.  
Nought may avail all thy conclusions,  
And death will settle all thy illusions.”

Among other feats of the jugglers of these days, was that which has since been called rope dancing. A singular example of this has been described by Froissart, as having occurred upon the public entry into Paris of Isabel of Bavaria, Queen to Charles VI. These are his words:—

“There was a mayster came out of Gean, he had tyed a corde upon the hyghest house on the brydge of Saynt Michel, over all the housen; and other ende was tyed to the hyghest tower of our Ladye’s Church, and as the quene passed by and was in the grete strete called Our Ladye’s Street, bycause it was late the sayed mayster wyth two brimmyng candells in hys hands, issued out of a littel stage that he had made on the heyght of our Ladyes tower, syngynge as he went upon the corde all along the grete strete, so that all that sawe him hadde marvaylle how it myght be.”

A performance somewhat similar was exhibited at the

coronation of the boy king, Edward VI., while the procession was passing through the city. It is thus described by an old author:—"When the king was come almost to St. Gregory's Church, in Paul's Churchyard, there was a rope as great as the cable of a ship stretched in length from the battlements of St. Paul's steeple, with a great anchor at one end fastened a little before the Dean of Paul's gate; and when his Majesty approached near the same, there came a man, a stranger, being a native of Arragon, lying on a rope, his head forward, casting his legs and arms abroad, running on his breast on the rope from the battlements to the ground, as if it had been an arrow out of a bow, and stayed on the ground. Then he came to the king's Majesty, and kissed his foot, and so after certain words to his highness he departed from him again, and went upwards upon the rope till he came over the midst of the churchyard, where he hung a rope about him, played certain mysteries on the rope, as tumbling and casting one leg from another. Then took he the rope, and tied it to the cable, and tied himself by the right leg a little space between the wrist of the foot, and hung by one leg a certain space, and after recovering himself again with the said rope, and untied the knot, and came down again, which stayed his Majesty with all his train a good space of time."

Tumbling was one of the exploits of the jugglers or minstrels. There was a tumbler in the reign of Edward II. who rode before his Majesty, and frequently fell from his horse in such a manner, that the king was heartily diverted,

and laughed heartily, and rewarded the fellow with the sum of twenty shillings, a considerable sum in those days.

Sometimes the itinerant jugglers used to dress themselves in the skins of beasts, and imitate their actions as well as their voices. There was one juggler called Maister Walter, who was so perfect in the imitation of sounds, that he could imitate anything, from the coo of a turtle-dove to the roar of a lion. He was especially great in his imitation of a bear, which he used to copy so naturally, that many thought him a real bear. He would also "do the monkey" in a very cunning manner—leaping, skipping, twisting himself up a tree or rope with great agility, and then sit down and scratch himself with all the ardour of a monkey in this sport.

It is recorded of him, that being at a market "where there were many asses," he so imitated the form and the melodious strains of that four-footed nightingale, as to bring every other one in the market closely round him, when he stood up on his hinder legs, and preached to his brethren on the duty of obedience, burden-bearing, and the like, with sundry little episodes on the use of cudgels, and the salutary nature of thistles.

Then our forefathers had their "posture masters," their "fire-eaters," and their "mountebanks." There were posture masters so far back as the reign of Edward III. One of these is reported to have such command over the muscular parts of his body, as to double himself up as if he had been without bones—he could hold both his legs up to his ears—

form himself into a circle, and holding his feet in his hands, trundle himself along like a hoop, and perform many other surprising things.

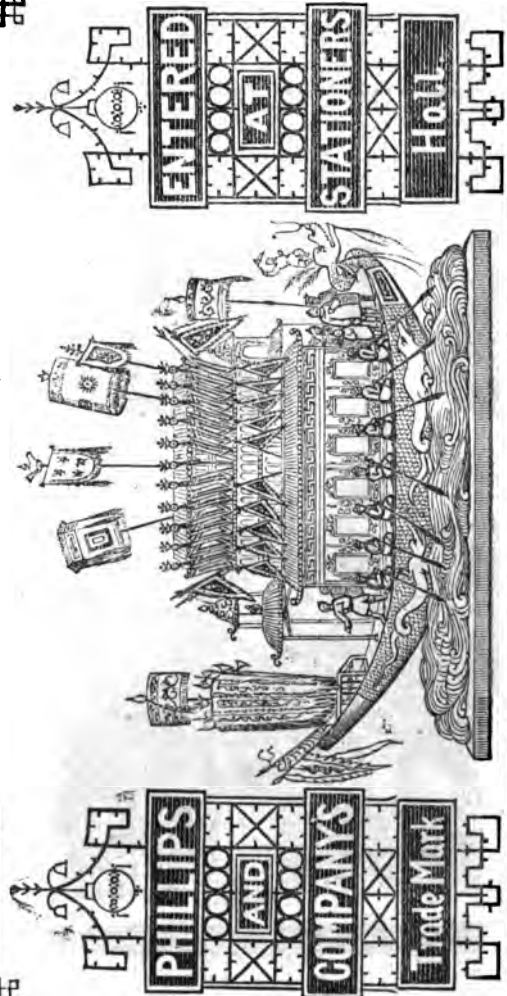
The fire-eaters and fire-performers are a much older race than the fire-engines; no doubt all the ancients had their fire mysteries, and knew how to teach people to walk bare foot among red-hot ploughshares, when it suited them or served the purposes of fraud and imposition. One of these, in the time of King Henry VIII., who called himself the living salamander, pretended to eat burning coals from the fire, to devour ignited matches, to carry a red-hot iron between his teeth, to "catch and fling" broad swords made hot, and lastly, he would broil a piece of beef on his tongue. By way of conclusion to his remarkable performances, he made a composition of pitch, brimstone, and other combustibles, to which he added several pieces of lead; the whole was melted in an iron ladle, and then set on fire; this he called his soup, and taking it out of the ladle with a spoon of the same metal, he ate it in a state of liquefaction.

The mountebanks were always very funny fellows. There is a story told of one of them in the "Spectator," which is rather characteristic. He stood forth from a stage, and told his audience that he had been born and bred at Hammersmith, and having a special regard for ~~the place~~ of his nativity, he was determined to make a present of five shillings to as many as would accept it. The whole crowd stood agape, and ready to take the doctor at his word, when putting his hand into a long bag, as every one was expecting his crown piece, he drew



out a handful of little packets, each of which he informed the spectators was constantly sold for five shillings and sixpence, but that he would bate the odd five shillings to every inhabitant of the place. The greater part of the assembly closed with the offer, and took off all his physic after the doctor had made them vouch that they were all Hammersmith men, and WHIGS. Oh, Simpson, Simpson, thou wouldst never have suffered Hammersmith to have been so over and undertaken, so sold and done for; but thou wert not born then !





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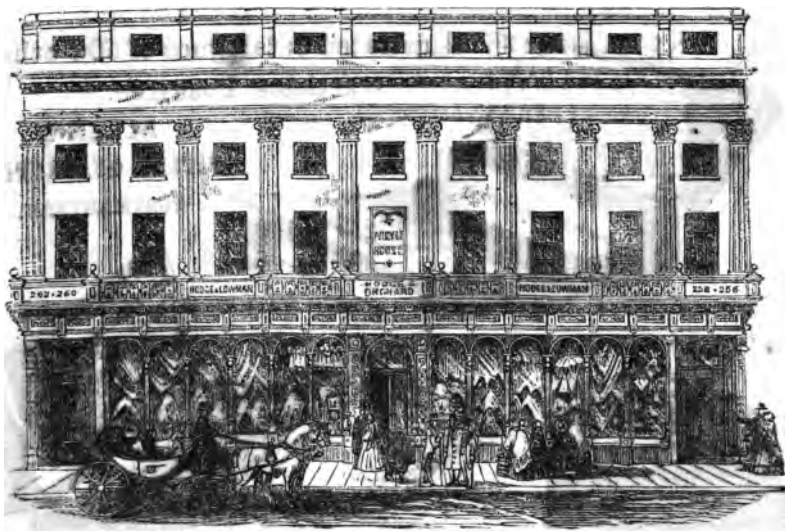
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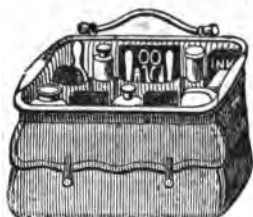
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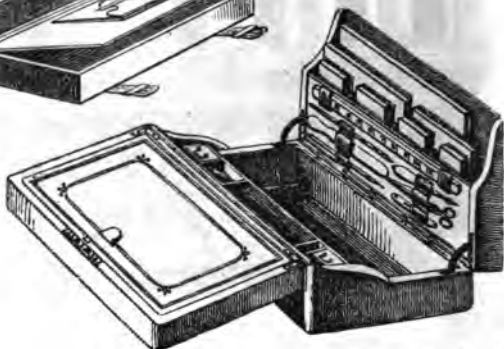


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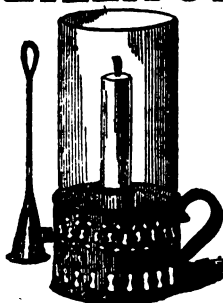


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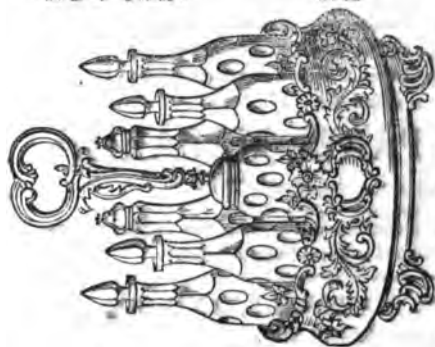
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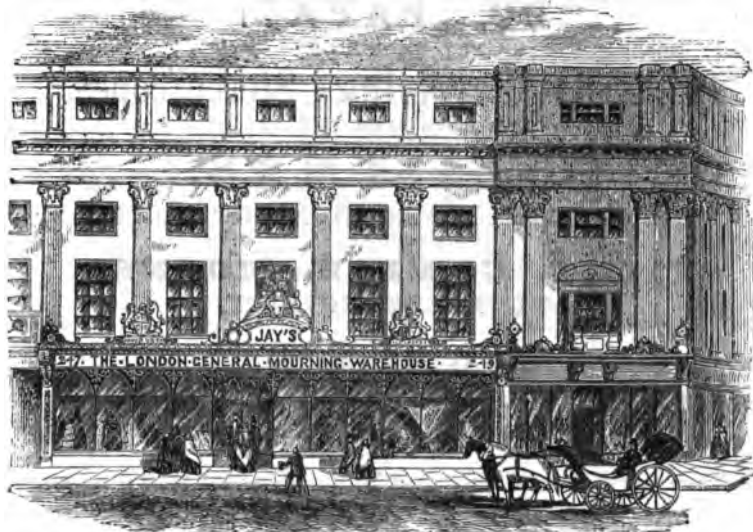
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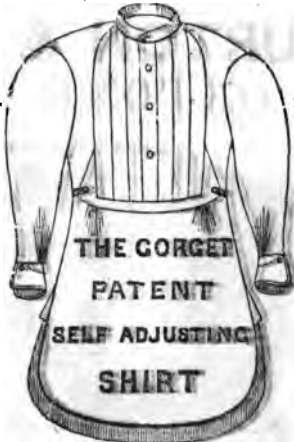
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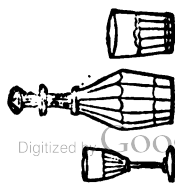
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